

ABDELAZER:

OR, THE

Moor's Revenge.

A TRAGEDY,

As it is ACTED at the

Theatre Royal,

By Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by Mrs. ANNE BEHN.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Thomas Chapman, at the Golden-Key near
Charing-Cross. 1693.

The Actors Names.

Mr. Harris,	Ferdinand	{ A young King of <i>Spain</i> , in love with <i>Florella</i> .
Mr. Smith,	Philip	His Brother.
Mr. Betterton,	Abdelazer	The Moor.
Mr. Medburne,	Mendoza	Prince Cardinal, in love with the Queen.
Mr. Crosbie,	Alonzo	{ A young Nobleman of <i>Spain</i> , contracted to <i>Leonora</i> .
Mr. Norris,	Roderigo	A Creature to the Moor.
	Antonio }	
Mr. John Lee,	Sebastian }	Two Officers of <i>Philips</i> .
Mr. Percivall,	Osmin }	
Mr. Richards,	Zarrack }	Moors, and Officers to <i>Abdelazer</i> .

Officers, Pages, and Attendants.

Mrs. Lee,	Isabella	{ Queen of <i>Spain</i> , Mother to <i>Ferdinand</i> and <i>Philip</i> , in love with <i>Abdelazer</i> .
Mrs. Barrer.	Leonora	{ Her Daughter, Sister to <i>Ferdinand</i> and <i>Philip</i> .
Mrs. Betterton,	Florella	Wife to <i>Abdelazer</i> , and Sister to <i>Alonzo</i> .
Mrs. Osburne,	Elvira	Woman to the Queen.

Other Women, Attendants.

SCENE *Spain*—and in the Camp.



P R O-

PROLOGUE.

GAllants you have so long been absent hence,
That you have almost cool'd your Diligence ;
For while we study or revive a Play,
You, like good Husbands, in the Country stay ;
There frugally wear out your Summer Suit,
And in Frize Jerkin after Beagles Toot ;
Or, in Montero-Caps at Feldfares shoot. }
Nay, some are so Obdurate in their Sin,
That they swear never to come up again.
But all their Charge of Cloathes and Treat retrench,
To Gloves and Stockings for some Country Wench :
Even they, who in the Summer had Mishaps,
Send up to Town for Physick for their Claps.
The Ladies too, are as resolved as they, }
And having Debts unknown to them, they stay,
And with the gain of Cheese and Poultry pay.
Even in their Visits, they from Banquets fall,
To entertain with Nuts and Bottle-Ale ;
And in Discourse with secrecie report
State News, that past a twelve-month since at Court.
Those of them who are most refin'd, and gay,
Now learn the Songs of the last Summer's Play :
While the young Daughter does in private mourn,
Her Love's in Town, and hopes not to return.
These Country grievances too great appear :
But cruel Ladies, we have greater here ;
You come not sharp, as you were wont, to Plays ;
But only on the first and second Days :
This made our Poet, in her Visits, look
What new strange courses, for your time you took,
And to her great regret she found too soon,
Damn'd Beasts and Umbre, spent the Afternoon ;
So that we cannot hope to see you here
Before the little Net-work Purse be clear.
Suppose you should have Luck ; ———
Yet sitting up so late, as I am told,
You'll lose in Beauty what you win in Gold :
And what each Lady of another says,
Will make you new Lampoons, and new Plays.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by little Mrs. Ariell.

With late success being blest, I'm come agen;
You see what Kindness can do, Gentlemen,
Which when once shewn, our Sex cannot refrain.
Yet spite of such a Censure I'll proceed,
And for our Poetess will intercede:
Before, a Poet's wheedling Words prevail'd,
Whose melting Speech my tender Heart assail'd,
And I the flattery Scribler's Cause maintain'd;
So by my means the Fop Applauses gain'd.
'Twas wisely done to chuse me his Advocate,
Since I have prov'd to be his better Fate,
For what I lik'd, I thought you could not hate.
Respect for you, Gallants, made me comply,
Though I confess he did my Passion try,
And I am too good-natur'd to deny.
But now not Pity, but my Sexes cause,
Whose Beauty does, like Monarchs, give you Laws,
Should now Command, being joyn'd with Wit, Applause.
Yet since our Beauty's Power's not absolute,
She'll not the Priviledge of our Sex dispute,
But does by me submit. — Yet since you've been
For my sake kind, repeat it once agen.
Your Kindness, Gallants, I shall soon repay,
If you'll but favour my Design to Day:
Your last Applauses, like refreshing Show'rs,
Made me spring up and bud like early Flow'rs;
Since then I'm grown at least an Inch in height,
And shall e'er long be full-blown for delight.

Written by a Friend.

ABDELAZER:

OR, THE Moor's Revenge.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Rich Chamber.*

*A Table with Lights, Abdelazer suddenly leaning his Head on his Hands; —
after a little while, still Musick plays.*

SONG.

Love in Phantastick Triumph sat,
Whilst bleeding Hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh Pains he did create,
And strange Tyrannick Pow'r he shew'd;
From thy bright Eyes he took his Fires,
Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took Desires,
Enough t' undo the Amorous World.

*From me he took his Sighs and Tears,
From thee, his Pride and Cruelty;
From me his Languishments and Fears,
And Ev'ry killing Dart from thee:
Thus thou, and I, the God have arm'd,
And set him up a Deity;
But my poor Heart alone is harm'd,
Whilst thine the Victor is, and free.*

Abd. ON me this Musick lost? — this sound on me
That hates all softness? — What, to, my Slave?

Enter Osmin Zarrack.

Os. My gracious Lord —

[*Enter Queen Elvira.*

Qu. My dearest *Abdelcen* —

Abd. Oh, are you there? — Ye Dogs, how came she in?
Did I not charge you on your lives to watch,
That none disturb my privacy?

Qu. My gentle *Abdelcen*, tis thy Queen,
Who as laid aside the bus'ness of her State,
To wanton in the kinder Joys of Love.

Play all your sweetest Notes, such as inspire

The active Soul with new and soft desire,

Whilst we from Eyes — thus — dying, fan the fire.

{ *To the Musick;*
they play softly.

[*She sits down by him.*

Abd. Cease that ungrateful noise —

[*Musick ceases.*

Qu. Can ought that I command displease my Moor?

Abd. Away, fond Woman —

Qu. Nay, prithee be more kind. —

Abd. Nay, prithee good Queen, leave me, — I am dull,
Unfit for dalliance now.

Qu. Why dost thou frown? — to whom was that Curse sent?

Abd. To thee.

Qu. To me! — it cannot be; — to me, sweet Moor! —
No, no, it cannot; — prithee smile upon me; —

Smile whilst a thousand Cupids shall descend

And call thee *Love*, and wait upon thy Smiles,

Deck thy smooth Brow with Flowers;

Whilst in my Eyes, needing no other Glass,

Thou shalt behold and wonder at thy Beauty.

Abd. Away, away, be gone. —

Qu. Where hast thou learnt this Language, that can say
But those rude Words, — Away, away, be gone?

Am I grown ugly now?

Abd. Ugly as Hell. —

Qu. Didst thou not love me once, and swore that Heav'n
Dwelt in my Face and Eyes?

Abd. Thy Face and Eyes! — Bawd, fetch me here a Glass, [*to Elvira.*
And thou shalt see the Balls of both those Eyes

Burning with fire of Lust.

That Blood that dances in thy Cheeks so hot,

That have not I to cool it

Made an extraction ev'n of my Soul,

De.

The Moor's Revenge.

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Decay'd my Youth, only to feed thy Lust!
And wouldst thou still pursue me to my Grave?

Qu. All this to me, my *Abdelazer*?

Abd. I cannot ride through the *Calistian* Streets,
But thousand Eyes

Throw killing looks at me; —

And cry, — That's he that does abuse our King; —

There goes the Minion of the *Spanish* Queen,

Who, on the lazy Pleasures of his Love,

Spends the Revenues of the King of *Spain*: —

This many-headed Beast your Lust has arm'd. —

Qu. How dare you, Sir, upbraid me with my Love?

Abd. I will not answer thee, nor hear thee speak.

Qu. Not hear me speak! — Yes, and in thunder too;

Since all my passion, all my soft intreaties

Can do no good upon thee,

I'll see (since thou hast banish'd all thy Love,

That Love, to which I've sacrific'd my Honour)

If thou hast any sense of Gratitude,

For all the mighty graces I have done thee.

Abd. Do; — and in thy Story too, do not leave out

How dear those mighty graces I have purchas'd!

My blooming Youth, my healthful vigorous Youth,

Which Nature gave me for more noble Actions

Than to lie fawning at a Womans Feet,

And pass my hours in idleness and Love. —

If I cou'd blush, I shou'd through all this Cloud

Send forth my sense of shame into my Cheeks.

Qu. Ingrate!

Have I for this abus'd the best of Men?

My noble Husband!

Depriving him of all the joys of Love,

To bring them all intirely to thy Bed;

Neglected all my Vows, and sworn 'em here a-new,

Here, on thy Lips; —

Exhausted Treasures that wou'd purchase Crowns,

To buy thy Smiles, — to buy a gentle look;

And when thou didst repay me, — blest the Giver! —

Oh *Abdelazer*, more than this I've done. —

This very hour, the last the King can live,

Urg'd by the Witchcraft I his Life betray'd:

And is it thus — my Bounties are repaid?

What e'er a Crime so great deserves from Heav'n,

By *Abdelazer* might have been forgiv'n. —

But I will be reveng'd by Patience,

And e're the King dies, own my black Offence. —

And yet that's not enough — *Elvira* —

[Weeps.

[Pawses.

Cry murder, murder, help, help.

Elv. Help, murder, murder!

Abd. Hell, what's this! — peace Dawd, — 'sdeath, They'l raise the Court upon me, and then I'm lost.

My Queen, — my Goddess, Oh raise your lovely Eyes,

I have dissembled coldness all this while;

And that deceit was but to try thy Faith. —

Look up — by Heav'n 'twas Jealousie, —

Pardon your Slave, — pardon your poor Adorer.

Qu. Thou didst upbraid me with my shameful Passion.

Abd. I'll tear my Tongue out for its profanation.

Qu. And when I woo'd thee, but to smile upon me,
Thou cry'd'st, — Away, I'm dull, unfit for dalliance.

Abd. Call back the frighted Blood into thy Cheeks,

And I'll obey the dictates of my Love,

And smile, and kiss, and dwell for ever here. —

Enter Osmin hastily.

How now! — why start'st thou so —

Osmin. My Lord, — the King is dead.

Abd. The King dead! — 'twas time then to dissemble.

What means this rudeness? —

[*Aside.*

[*One knocks.*

Enter Zarrack.

Zar. My Lord, — the Cardinal enquiring for the Queen,
The Court is in an uproar, none can find her.

Abd. Not find the Queen! and would they search her here!

Qu. What shall I do? I must not here be found.

Abd. Oh, do not fear, — no Cardinal enters here;

No King, — no God, that means to be secure. —

Slaves, guard the Doors, and suffer none to enter,

Whilst I, my charming Queen, provide for your security: —

You know there is a Vault deep under Ground,

Into the which the busie Sun ne'er entred,

But all is dark, as are the shades of Hell,

Through which in dead of Night I oft have pass'd,

Guided by Love, to your Apartment, Madam —

They knock agen; — thither, my lovely Mistress,

Suffer your self to be conducted. —

[*Knock.*

Osmin, attend the Queen, — descend in haste,

My Lodgings are beset.

{ *Qu. Osmin and Elv.*

{ *descend the Vault.*

Zar. I cannot guard the Lodgings longer,

Don *Ordinio*, Sir, to seek the Queen.

Abd. How dare they seek her here?

Zar. My Lord, the King has swoonded twice,

And being recover'd, calls for her Majesty.

Abd. The King not dead! — go *Zarrack*, and aloud

Tell

The Moor's Revenge.

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Tell Don *Ordonio* and the Cardinal,
He that dares enter here to seek the Queen,
Had better snatch the She from the fierce side
Of a young Amorous Lion, and 'twere safer. —
Again, more knocking! —

{ *Puts his Hand
to his Sword.*

[*Knocking.*

Zar. My gracious Lord, it is your Brother, Don *Alonzo.*

Abd. I will not have him enter, — I am disorder'd. —

Zar. My Lord, 'tis now too late.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Saw you not the Queen, my Lord?

Abd. My Lord?

Alon. Was not the Queen here with you?

Abd. The Queen with me!

Because, Sir, I am married to your Sister,
You, like your Sister, must be jealous too:
The Queen with me! with me! a Moor! a Devil!
A Slave of *Barbary*! for so
Your gay young Courtiers christen me: — but Don,
Although my Skin be black, within my Veins
Runs Blood as red, and Royal as the best. —
My Father, Great *Abdela*, with his Life
Lost too his Crown; both most unjustly ravish'd
By Tyrant *Philip*; your old King I mean.
How many Wounds his valiant Breast receiv'd,
Ere he would yield to part with Life and Empire:
Methinks I see him cover'd o'er with Blood,
Fainting amidst those numbers he had conquer'd;
I was but young, yet old enough to grieve,
Though not revenge, or to despise my Fetters;
For then began my Slavery: And e'er since
Have seen that Diadem by this Tyrant worn,
Which crown'd the sacred Temples of my Father,
And shou'd adorn mine now; — shou'd! nay, and must; —
Go tell him what I say, — 'twill be but death: —
Go, Sir, — the Queen's not here. —

Alon. Do not mistake me, Sir; — or if I wou'd,
I've no old King to tell, — the King is dead; —
And I am answer'd, Sir, to what I came for,
And so good night. —

[*Exit.*

Abd. Now all that's brave and Villain seize my Soul,
Reform each faculty that is not ill,
And make it fit for Vengeance; noble Vengeance!
Oh glorious word! fit only for the Gods,
For which they form'd their Thunder,
Till Man usurp'd their Power, and by Revenge
Swayed Destiny as well as they,

And

And took their trade of killing. —
 And thou, almighty Love!
 Dance in a thousand forms about my Person,
 That this same Queen, this *casie Spanish Dame*
 May be bewitch'd and dore upon me still:
 Whilst I make use of the insatiate flame
 To set all *Spain* on fire. —
 Mischief, erect thy Throne,
 And sit on high; here, here upon my Head;
 Let Fools fear Fate, thus I my Stars defie,
 The influence of this — must raise my glory high.

*{ Points to his
Sword.*

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter Fernando weeping, Ordonio bearing the Crown, followed by Alonzo leading Leonora weeping; Florella, Roderigo, Mendozo, met by the Queen weeping; Elvira, and Women.

Qu. What doleful cry was that, which like the Voice
 Of angry Heav'n struck through my trembling Soul!
 Nothing but horrid shrieks, nothing but death;
 Whilst I, bowing my Knees to the cold Earth,
 Drowning my Cheeks in Rivulets of Tears,
 Sending up Prayers in Sighs & implore from Heav'n
 Health for the Royal Majesty of *Spain*, —
 All cry'd, the Majesty of *Spain* is dead.
 Whilst the sad sound flew through the echoing Air,
 And reach'd my frighted Soul. — Inform my fears,
 Oh my *Fernando*, oh my gentle Son. —

[Weeps.]

King. Madam, read here the truth, if looks can shew
 That which I cannot speak, and you wou'd know:
 The common Fate, in ev'ry Face appears;
 A King's great loss, the publick Grief declares,
 But 'tis a Father's Death that claims my Tears.

*{ Card. leads in the
Qu. attended.*

Leon. Ah, Sir!

If you thus grieve, who ascend by what y've lost
 To all the greatness that a King can boast;
 What Tributes from my Eyes and Heart are due,
 Who've lost at once a King and Father too?

King. My *Leonora*, cannot think my Grief
 Can from those empty Glories find relief;
 Nature within my Soul has equal share,
 And that and Love surmount my glory there.
 Had Heav'n continu'd Royal *Philip's* Life,
 And giv'n me bright *Florella* for a Wife,

[Bows to Flor.]

To Crowns and Scepters I had made no claim,
But ow'd my Blessings only to my flame.
But Heav'n well knew in giving thee away,
I had no bus'ness for another Joy. —
The King, *Alonso*, with his dying breath,
To you my beauteous Sister did bequeath;
And I his generosity approve,
And think you worthy *Leonora's* Love.

[to Flor.
weeps.
turns to Alon.
and Leon.

[Enter Card. and Qu. weeping.

Alon. Too gloriously my Services are paid,
In the possession of this Royal Maid,
To whom my guilty Heart durst ne'er aspire,
But rather chose to languish in its fire.

Enter Philip in a Rage, Antonio and Sebastian.

Phil. I know he is not dead; what envious Powers
Durst snatch him hence? he was all great and good,
As fit to be ador'd as they above.
Where is the Body of my Royal Father?
That Body which inspir'd by's sacred Soul,
Aw'd all the Universe with ev'ry Frown,
And taught 'em all obedience with his Smiles.
Why stand you thus distracted? — Mother — Brother —
My Lords — Prince Cardinal —
Has Sorrow struck you dumb?
Is this my welcome from the Toils of War?
When in his Bosom I shou'd find repose,
To meet it cold and pale! — Oh guide me to him,
And with my Sighs I'll breath new Life into'r.

King. There's all that's left of Royal *Philip* now, [Phil. goes out.
Pay all thy sorrow there; — whilst mine alone
Are swoln too high t' admit of lookers on. [Exit King weeping.

Philip returns weeping.

Phil. His Soul is fled to all Eternity:
And yet methought it did inform his Body
That I, his darling *Philip*, was arriv'd
With Conquest on my Sword; and even in death
Sent me his Joy in Smiles.

Qu. If Souls can after death have any sense
Of humane things, his will be proud to know
That *Philip* is a Conqueror. —
But do not drown thy Lawrels thus in Tears,
Such tributes leave to us, thou art a Soldier.

[Enter Abdelazer.

Phil. Gods! this shou'd be my Mother. —

Men. It is, Great Sir, the Queen.

Phil.

Phil. Oh she's too foul for one or t'other title.

Qu. How, Sir, do you not know me?

Phil. When you were just, I did, —

And with a reverence, such as we pay Heav'n, —
I paid my awful Duty ; —

But as you have abus'd my Royal Father,

For such a Sin the basest of your Slaves

Wou'd blush to call you Mother.

Qu. What means my Son?

Phil. Son! by Heav'n I scorn the Title.

Qu. Oh insolence! — out of my sight, rude Boy.

Phil. We must not part so, Madam;

I first must let you know your Sin and Shame: —

Nay, hear me calmly, — for by Heav'n you shall. —

My Father whilst he liv'd, tir'd his strong Arm

With numerous Battels 'gainst the Enemy,

Wasting his Brains in warlike Stratagems,

To bring confusion on the faithless Moors,

Whilst you, lull'd in soft Peace at home, — betray'd

His name to everlasting Infamy ;

Suffer'd his Bed to be defil'd with Lust,

Gave up your Self, your Honour, and your Vows;

To wanton in yon looty Leacher's Arms.

[Points to Abd.

Abd. Me, dost thou mean!

Phil. Yes, Villain, thee, thou Hell-begotten Fiend,

'Tis thee I mean.

Qu. Oh most unnatural, to dishonour me!

Phil. That Dog you mean, that has dishonour'd you,

Dishonour'd me, these Lords, nay, and all Spain ;

This Devil's he, that —

Abd. That — what — Oh pardon me if I throw off

All ties of Duty : — wert thou ten King's Sons,

And I as many Souls as I have Sins,

Thus — I wou'd hazard all —

{Draws, they all
run between.

Phil. Stand off, — or I'll make way upon thy

Bosome. —

Abd. How got you, Sir, this daring? —

Phil. From injur'd Philip's death,

Who, whilst he liv'd, unjustly cherish'd thee,

And set thee up beyond the reach of Fate ;

Blind with the brutal Valour, deaf with thy Flatteries,

Discover'd not the Treasons thou didst act,

Nor none durst let him know 'em ; — but did he live,

I wou'd aloud proclaim them in his Ears.

Abd. You durst as well been damn'd. —

Phil. Hell seize me if I want revenge for this, —

Not dare!

Arise

Arise thou injur'd Ghost of my dead King,
And through thy dreadful paleness dart a horror,
May fright this pair of Vipers from their Sins.

Abd. Oh insupportable! dost hear me Boy?

Qu. Are ye all mute, and hear me thus upbraided? [To the Lords,

Phil. Dost ye detain me, whilst the Traitor braves me?

Men. Forbear, my Prince, keep in that noble heat,
That shou'd be better us'd than on a Slave.

Abd. You politick Cheat.

Men. *Abdelazer*, ———
By the Authority of my Government,
Which yet I hold over the King of Spain,
By warrant from a Council of the Peers,
And (as an Unbeliever) from the Church,
I utterly deprive thee of that Greatness,
Those Offices and Trusts you hold in Spain.

Abd. Cardinal, ——— who lent thee this Commission?
Grandees of Spain, ——— do you consent to this?

All. We do. ———

Alon. What reason for it? let his Faith be try'd.

Men. It needs no tryal, the proofs are evident,
And his Religion was his veil for Treason.

Alon. Why should you question his Religion, Sir?
He does profess Christianity.

Men. Yes, witness his Habit, which he still retains
In scorn to ours. ———

His Principles too are as unalterable.

Abd. Is that the only Argument you bring? ———
I tell thee, Cardinal, not thy Holy Gown

Covers a Soul more sanctified
Than this Moorish Robe.

Phil. Damn his Religion, ——— he has a thousand Crimes
That will yet better justify your Sentence.

Men. Come not within the Court, for if you do,
Worse mischief shall ensue; ——— you have your Sentence. [Ex. Phil. & Men.]

Alon. My Brother banish'd! ——— is very sudden;
For thy sake, Sister, this must be recall'd. [To Flor.]

Qu. *Alonzo*, joyn with me, I'll to the King,
And check the Pride of this insulting Cardinal. [Exeunt all, except

Manent Abdelazer, Florella.

Abd. Banish'd! if I digest this Gail,
May Cowards pluck the Wreath from off my Brow,

Which I have purchas'd with so many Wounds,
And all for Spain; for Spain! ingrateful Spain! ———

Oh my Florella, all my Glory is banish'd,
The Cardinal (Oh damn him!) would have me banish'd.

Flor. But, Sir, I hope you will not tamely go.

Abd. Tamely! — ha, ha, ha, — yes, by all means; A very honest and Religious Cardinal!

Flor. I wou'd not for the World you shou'd be banish'd.

Abd. Not *Spain*, you mean; — for then she leaves the King! *[Aside.*
What if I be? — Fools! not to know all parts oth' World

Allow enough for Villany, — for I'll be brave no more.

It is a Crime, — and then I can live any where.

But say I go from hence; — I leave behind me

A Cardinal that will laugh; — I leave behind me

A *Philip* that will clap his Hands in sport: —

But the worst wound is this, — I leave my Wrongs,

Dishonours, and my Discontents, all unreveng'd. —

Leave me, *Florella*, — prithee do not weep;

I love thee, love thee wondrously; — go, leave me, —

I am not now at leisure to be fond; —

Go to your Chamber, — go. —

Flor. No, to the King I'll fly.

And beg him to revenge thy Infamy. *[Exit Flor.*

To him Alonzo.

Alon. The Cardinal's mad to have the banish'd *Spain*;

I've left the Queen in angry contradiction,

But yet I fear the Cardinal's reasoning.

Abd. This Prince's hate proceeds from Love, }
He's jealous of the Queen, and fears my power, }

Alon. Come, rouse thy wonted Spirits, awake thy Soul, *[Aside.*

And arm thy Justice with a brave Revenge.

Abd. I'll arm no Justice with a brave Revenge. *[Sullenly.*

Alon. Shall they then triumph o'er thee, who were once

Proud to attend thy Conqu'ring Chariot Wheels?

Abd. I care not; — I am a Dog, and can bear wrongs.

Alon. But, Sir, my Honour is concern'd with yours,

Since my lov'd Sister did become your Wife;

And if yours suffer, mine too is unsafe.

Abd. I cannot help it. —

Alon. What Ice has chill'd thy Blood?

This Patience was not wont to dwell with thee.

Abd. 'Tis true; but now the World is chang'd you see;

Thou art too brave to know what I resolve: — *[Aside.*

No more, — here comes the King with my *Florella*.

He loves her, and she swears to me their chaste;

'Tis well, if true; — well so, if it be false: —

I care not, 'tis Revenge. *[Aside.*

That I must sacrifice my Love and Pleasure to

[Alon. and Abd. stand aside.

The Moor's Revenge.

11

Enter King, Lords, Guards passing over the Stage, Florella in a suppliant posture weeping.

King. Thou woo'st me to reverse thy Husbands doom,
And I woo thee, for mercy on my self;
Why thou'dst thou sue to him for life and liberty
For any other, who himself lies dying,
Imploring from thy Eyes a little pity.

Florella. Oh mighty King! in whose sole Power, like Heaven,
The Lives and Safeties of your Slaves remain,
Hear and redress my *Abdelazer's* Wrongs.

King. All Lives and Safeties in my Power remain!
Mistaken charming Creature, if my power
Be such, who kneel and bow to thee,
What must thine be,
Who hast the Sovereign command o'er me and it!
Wou'dst thou give Life? turn but thy lovely Eyes
Upon the wretched thing that wants it,
And he will surely live, and live for ever.
Canst thou do this, and com'st to beg of me?

Florella. Alas, Sir, what I beg's what you alone can give,
My *Abdelazer's* Pardon.

King. Pardon! can any thing ally'd to thee offend?
Thou art so sacred and so innocent,
That but to know thee, and to look on thee,
Must change even Vice to Vertue.
Oh my *Florella*!
So perfectly thou dost possess my Soul,
That every wish of thine shall be obey'd:
Say, wou'dst thou have thy Husband share my Crown?
Do but submit to love me, and I yield it.

Florella. Such love as humble Subjects owe their King, { *Kneels, he takes*
And such as I dare pay, I offer here. { *her up.*

King. I must confess it is a price too glorious:
But my *Florella*. —

Abd. I'll interrupt your amorous discourse. [*Aside.* { *Abd. comes*
Florella. Sir, — *Abdelazer's* here. — { *up to them.*

King. His presence never was less welcome to me; — [*Aside.*
But Madam, durst the Cardinal use this Insolence?

Where is your Noble Husband?
Abd. He sees me, yet enquires for me. [*Aside.*

Florella. Sir, my Lord is here. —

King. *Abdelazer*, I have heard with much surprize
O'th injuries y'ave receiv'd, and mean to right you:
My Father lov'd you well, made you his General,
I think you worthy of that Honour still.

Abd. True, — for my Wifes sake. — [*Aside.*

King. When my Coronation is solemnized,
Be present there, and re-assume your wonted state and place;
And see how I will check the insolent Cardinal.

Abd. I humbly thank my Sovereign — *[Kneels and kisses the King's Hand.]*
That he loves my Wife so well. — *[Aside.]*

Manent Abdelazer, Florella.

Flo. Wilt thou not pay my Service with one Smile?
Have I not acted well the Suppliant's part?

Abd. Oh wonderfully! y'ave learnt the art to move;
Go, leave me. —

Flo. Still out of humour, thoughtful, and displeas'd!
And why at me, my *Abdelazer*, what have I done?

Abd. Rarely! you cannot do amiss you are so beautiful,
So very fair! — Go, get you in, I say. — *[Turns her in ruffly.]*

She has the art of dallying with my Soul,
Teaching it lazie softness from her Looks. —

But now a nobler Passion's enter'd there,
And blows it thus, — to Air — Idol Ambition,

Florella must to thee a Victim fall;
Revenge, — to thee — a Cardinal and Prince

And to my Love and Jealousie, a King. —
More yet, my mighty Deities, I'll do.

None that you e'er inspir'd like me shall act;
That fawning servile crew shall follow next.

Who with the Cardinal cry'd banish *Abdelazer* :
Like Eastern Monarchs I'll adorn thy Fate.

And to the Shades thou shalt descend in state. *[Exit.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter the King crown'd, Philip, Mendoza, Queen, Leonora, Florella, Elvira, Alonzo, Roderigo, Ordonio, Sebastian, Antonio, Officers and Guards; met by Abdelazer, follow'd by Osmim, Zarrack, and Moors attending. He comes in with Pride, flatters Philip and Mendoza, and takes his stand next the King.

Phil. Why stares the Devil thus, as if he meant
From his infectious Eyes to scatter Plagues,
And poison all the World? was he not banish'd?
How dares the Traytor venture into th' Presence?
Guards, spurn the Villain forth.

Abd. Who spurns the Moor
Were better set his Foot upon the Devil : —
Do, spurn me, and this Hand thus justly arm'd,
Shall, like a Thunder-bolt, breaking the Clouds,
Divide his Body from his Soul ; — stand back ! — [To the Guards.
Spurn *Abdelazer* ! —

Phil. Death, shall we bear this Insolence !

Alon. Great Sir, I think his Sentence was unjust. [To the King.

Men. Sir, you're too partial to be Judge in this,
And shall not give your Voice.

Abd. Proud Cardinal, — but he shall, — and give it loud,
And who shall hinder him ? —

Phil. This, — and cut his Wind-pipe too, [Offers to draw.
To spoil his whisp'ring.

King. What means this Violence ? { *Abd.* offers to draw ;
his Attend. do the same.

Forbear to draw your Swords, — 'tis we command.

Abd. Sir, do me Justice, I demand no more, { *Kneels, and offers*
his Sword.
And at your Feet we lay our Weapons down.

Men. Sir, *Abdelazer* has had Justice done,
And stands by me banish'd the Court of Spain.

King. How, Prince Cardinal !
From whence do you derive Authority,
To banish him the Court without our leave ?

Men. Sir, from my Care unto your Royal Person,
As I'm your Governor ; — then for the Kingdoms Safety.

King. Because I was a Boy, must I be still so ?
Time, Sir, has given me in that formal Ceremony,
And I am of an Age to Rule alone ;
And from henceforth, discharge you — of your Care.
We know your near relation to this Crown,
And wanting Heirs, that you must fill the Throne,
Till when, Sir, I am absolute Monarch here, —
And you must learn Obedience.

Men. Pardon my zealous Duty, which I hope
You will approve, and not recal his Banishment.

King. Sir, but I will ; and who dares contradict it, is a Traytor.

Phil. I dare the first, yet do defie the last.

King. My hot-brain'd Sir, I'll talk to you anon.

Men. Sir, I am wrong'd, and will appeal to Rome.

Phil. By Heav'n I'll to the Camp ; — Brother, farewell,
When next I meet thee, it shall be in Arms ;
If thou canst get loose from thy Mistress Chains,
Where thou li'st drown'd in idle wanton Love.

Abd. Hah ! — his Mistress ! — who is't Prince *Philip* means ?

Phil. Thy Wife ! thy Wife ! proud Moor, whom thou'rt content
To sell (for Honour) to eternal Infamy. —
Does't make thee snare ? — bite on, whilst thou shalt see,

I go for Vengeance, and 'twill come with me. *[Going out, turns and draws.]*

Abd. Stay! for 'tis here already; — turn, proud Boy. *[Abd. draws.]*

King. What mean you, *Philip*? *[Talks to him aside.]*

Qu. Cease! cease your most-impolitic Rage! *[To Abd.]*
Is this a time to shew't? — Dear Son, you are a King,
And may allay this Tempest.

King. How dare you disobey my Will and Pleasure? *[To Abd.]*

Abd. Shall I be calm, and hear my Wife call'd Whore?
Were he great *Jove*, and arm'd with all his Lightning,
By Heav'n I could not hold my just Resentment.

Qu. 'Twas in his Passion, noble *Abdelazer*: — *{ King talking to*
Imprudently thou dost disarm thy Rage, *{ Phil. aside.*
And giv'st the Foe a warning, e'er thou strik'st;
When with thy Smiles thou might'st securely kill.

You know the Passion that the Cardinal bears me:
His Power too o'er *Philip*, which well manag'd
Will serve to ruine both; — put up your Sword, —
When next you draw it, teach it how to act.

Abd. You shame me, and command me.

Qu. Why all this Rage? — does it become you, Sir? *{ to Men.*
What is't you mean to do? *{ aside.*

Men. You need not care, while *Abdelazer's* safe.

Qu. Jealousie upon my life; — how gay it looks.

Men. Madam, you want that plying regard
To value what I do, or what I am;
I'll therefore lay my Cardinals Hat aside,
And in bright Arms demand my Honour back.

Qu. Is't thus, my Lord, you give me proofs of Love?
Have then my Eyes lost all their wonted power?
And can you quit the hope of gaining me,
To follow your Revenge? — go, — go to fight,
Bear Arms against your Country, and your King,
All for a little worthless Honour lost.

Men. What is it, Madam, you would have me do?

Qu. Not side with *Philip*, as you hope my Grace. —
Now, Sir, you know my Pleasure, think on't well.

Men. Madam, you know your Power o'er your Slave,
And use it too tyrannically; — but dispose
The Fate of him, whose Honour, and whose Life,
Lies at your Mercy; —
I'll stay and die, since 'tis your gracious Pleasure.

King. *Philip*, upon your Life,
Upon your strict Allegiance, I conjure you
To remain at Court, till I have reconcil'd you.

Phil. Never Sir,
Nor can you bend my Temper to that tameness.

King. 'Tis in my Power to charge you as a Prisoner,

But you're my Brother: — yet remember too

I am your King. — No more.

Phil. I will obey.

King. Abdelazer,

I beg you will forget your cause of hate

Against my Brother *Philip*, and the Cardinal;

He's young, and rash, but will be better temper'd.

Abd. Sir, I have done, and beg your Royal Pardon.

King. Come *Philip*, give him your Hand.

Phil. I can forgive without a Ceremony.

King. And to confirm ye Friends,

I invite you all to Night to Banquet with me,

Pray see you give Attendance: — Come Brother,

You must along with us. [Exeunt all but *Abd.* *Queen* and *Women*.

Qu. Leave me. —

[To the *Women*, who Ex.

Now my dear Moor. —

Abd. Madam. —

Qu. Why dost thou answer with that cold Reserve? —

Is that a look, — an action for a Lover?

Abd. Ah, Madam. —

Qu. Have I not taken off thy Banishment?

Restor'd thee to thy former state and honours?

Nay, and heap'd new ones too, too mighty for thy hopes;

And still to raise thee equal to this Heart,

Where thou must ever Reign.

Abd. 'Tis true, my bounteous Mistress, all this you've done, —

But —

Qu. But what, my *Abdelazer*,

Abd. I will not call it to your memory.

Qu. What canst thou mean?

Abd. Why was the King remov'd?

Qu. To make thy way more easie to my Arms.

Abd. Was that all?

Qu. All! —

Abd. Not but it is a blessing Gods would languish for. —

But as you've made it free, so make it just.

Qu. Thou meanst, and marry thee.

Abd. No, by the Gods! —

[Aside.

Not marry me, unless I were a King.

Qu. What signifies the Name, to him that Rules one?

Abd. What use has he of life, that cannot live

Without a Ruler?

Qu. Thou wouldst not have me kill him.

Abd. Oh by no means, not for my wretched life!

What, kill a King! — forbid it Heav'n!

Angels stand like his Guards about his Person.

The King!

Not:

Not for so many Worlds as there be Stars —
Twinkling upon the embroider'd Firmament!
The King!

He loves my Wife *Florella*, thou'd he die —

I know none else durst love her —

Qu. And that's the reason you wou'd send him hence.

Abd. I must confess, I wou'd not bear a wrong,

But do not take me for a Villain, Madam;

He is my King, and may do what he pleases.

Qu. 'Tis well, Sir.

Abd. Again that frown, it renders thee more charming,

Than any other Dress thou couldst put on.

Qu. Away, you do not love me.

Abd. Now maist thou hate me, if this be not pretty.

Qu. Oh you can flatter finely. —

Abd. Not I, by Heav'n!

Oh that this Head were circled in a Crown,

And I were King, by Fortune, as by Birth!

And that I was, till by thy Husband's power

I was devested in my infancy. —

Then you shou'd see, I do not flatter ye:

But I, instead of that, must see my Crown

Bandi'd from Head to Head, and tamely see it;

And in this wretched state I live, 'Tis true;

But with what Joy, you, if you lov'd, might guess.

Qu. We need no Crowns; Love best contented is

In shady Groves, and humble Cottages,

Where when 'twou'd sport, it safely may retreat,

Free from the noise and danger of the Great;

Where Victors are ambitious of no Bays,

But what their Nymphs bestow on Holy days;

Nor Envy, can the amorous Shepherd move,

Unless against a Rival in his love.

Abd. Love and Ambition, are the same to me,

In either, I'll no Rival find below.

Qu. Nor I;

And when the King you urge me to remove,

It may be from Ambition, not from Love.

Abd. Those scruples did not in your Bosom dwell,

When you a King didst kill a Husband.

Qu. How, Sir! dare you contrain me, with that Sin?

To which your Perjuries first drew me in?

Abd. You interrupt my self; I only meant

A sacrifice, to Love; so well begun,

Shou'd not Devotion want to finish it;

And if that stop to all our Joy were given,

The envying World wou'd to our Power submit:

But Kings are Sacred, and the Gods alone
Their Crimes must judge, and punish too, or none.——
Yet he alone destroys our Happiness.

Qu. There's yet one more.——

Abd. One more! give me his Name,
And I will turn it to a Magick Spell,
To bind him ever fast.

Qu. Florella.

Abd. Florella! Oh I could gnaw my Chains,
That humble me so low as to adore her :
But the fond Blaze must out,— whilst I erect
A nobler Fire more fit for my Ambition.

—— *Florella* dies,—— a Victim to your will.
I will not let you lose one single wish,

For a poor life, or two ;
Though I must see my Glories made a prey,
And not demand 'em from the Ravisher ;
Nor yet complain,—— because he is my King !
But *Philip's* Brow, no sacred Ointment deifies,
If he do wrong, stands fair for the Revenger.

Qu. Philip! instruct me how t' undo that Boy I hate ;
The publick Infamy I have receiv'd,
I will revenge with nothing less than Death.

Abd. 'Tis well we can agree in our Resentments,
For I have vow'd he shall not live a day ;
He has an art to pry into our Secrets :
To all besides, our Love is either hid,
Or else they dare not see ; —— but this Prince
Has a most dangerous Spirit must be calm'd.

Qu. I have resolv'd his death,
And now have waiting in my Cabiner,
Engines to carry on this mighty work of my Revenge.

Abd. Leave that to me, who equally am injur'd ;
You, like the Gods! need only but command,
And I will execute your sacred will.——

That done, there's none dare whisper what we do.

Qu. Nature be gone, I chase thee from my Soul,
Who Love's Almighty Empire does controul ;
And she that will to thy dull Laws submit,
In spite of thee, betrays the Hypocrite.
No rigid Vertue shall my Soul possess,
Let Gown-men preach against the wickedness ;
Pleasures were made by Gods! and meant for us,
And not t' enjoy 'em, were ridiculous.

Abd. Oh perfect, great and glorious of thy Sex !
Like thy great self 'twas spoke, resolv'd and brave! ——
I must attend the King ; —— where I will watch

} *Aside.*

All Philip's Motions. ———

Qu. And — after that — if you will beg admittance,
I'll give you leave to visit me to night.

Abd. Madam, that Blessing now must be deferr'd;
My wrongs and I will be retir'd to Night,
And bring forth Vengeance, with the Mornings light.

{ Leads her to
the Door.

Enter Osmin, Zarrack.

Osmin. My gracious Lord. ———

Abd. Come near — and take a secret from my Lips;
And he who keeps not silence, hears his death. ———
This night the Prince and Cardinal — do you mark me —
Are murder'd!

Osmin. Where, Sir? ———

Abd. Here in the Court.

Osmin. By whom, Great Sir?

Abd. By thee! — I know thou dar'st. ———

Osmin. Whatever you command.

Abd. Good! — then see it be perform'd.

—— *Osmin*, how goes the Night?

Osmin. About the hour of Eight,

And you're expected at the Banquet, Sir:
Prince Philip storms, and swears you're with the Queen.

Abd. Let him storm on! the Tempest will be laid; —
Where's my Wife? ———

Osmin. In the Presence, Sir, with the Princess and other Ladies.

Abd. She's wondrous forward! — what — the King; —
(I am not jealous tho') — but he makes Court to her;
—— Hah, *Osmin*!

He throws out love from Eyes all languishing; —

Come tell me, — he does sigh to her; — no matter if he do: —

And fawns upon her Hand, — and — kneels; — tell me, Slave!

Osmin. Sir, I saw nothing like to Love; he only treats her
Equal to her Quality,

Abd. Oh damn her Quality!

Zar. I came just now.

From waiting on his Person to the Banquet,

And heard him ask, if he might visit her to Night,

Having something to impart to her, that concern'd his Life.

Abd. And so it shall, by Heav'n!

Zar. But she deny'd, and he the more intreated, —
But all in vain, Sir.

Abd. Go *Osmin*, (you the Captain of my Guard of Moors)

Chuse out the best affected Officers,

To keep the Watch to Night: ———

Let every Guard be doubled; — you may be liberal too, —

And when I give the Word, be ready all.——

Osm. What shall the Word be?

[*Ex. Zarrack.*

Abd. Why——Treason:——mean time make it your bus'ness,
To watch the Prince's coming from the Banquet;
Heated with Wine, and fearless of his Person,
You'll find him easily to be attack'd.

Osm. Sir, do not doubt my management nor success.

[*Ex. Osm.*

Abd. So, I thank thee Nature, that in making me
Thou didst design me Villain!

Fitting each Faculty for active Mischief:——

Thou skilful Artist, thank thee for my Face,

It will discover nought that's hid within.—

Thus arm'd for Ills,

Darkness! and Horrour! I invoke your aid;

And thou dread Night! shade all your busie Stars

In blackest Clouds,

And let my Dagger's brightness only serve

To guide me to the Mark,——and guide it so,

It may undo a Kingdom at one Blow.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

*A Banquet; under a Canopy the King, Leonora, Florella, Ladies waiting;
Philip, Mendoza, Alonzo, Ordonio, Antonio, Sebastian, Lords and
Attendants: As soon as the Scene draws off, they all rise, and come forward.*

King. My Lords you're sad to Night; give us loud Musick,——
I have a double Cause to mourn;

And Grief has taken up its dwelling here,——

Beyond the art of Love, or Wine to conquer.——

'Tis true, my Father's dead,——and possibly

'Tis not so decent to appear thus gay;

But life, and death, are equal to the wretched,

And whilst Florella frowns,——'tis in that number

[*to Flor.*

I must account her Slave.——*Alonzo,*

How came thy Father so bewitch'd to Valour,

(For *Abdelazer* has no other Vertue)

To recompence it with so fair a Creature?

Was this——a Treasure t' enrich the Devil with?

Alon. Sir, he has many Vertues, more than Courage,

Royally born, serv'd well this King, and Country;

My Father brought him up to Martial toils,

And taught him to be Brave; I hope, and Good;——

Beside, he was your Royal Father's Favourite.

King. No, *Alonzo*, 'twas not his love to Vertue,

But nice obedience to his King, and Master,

Who seeing my increase of Passion for her,

To kill my hopes, he gave her to this Moor.

Alon. She's now a virtuous Woman, Sir.

King. Politick Sir, who would have made her other? —
Against her will, he forc'd her to his Arms,
Whilst all the World was wondring at his madness.

Alon. He did it with her Approbation, Sir.

King. With thine, *Florella*! cou'dst thou be so criminal!

Flo. Sir, I was ever taught Obedience;

My humble Thoughts durst ne'er aspire to you,
And next to that — Death, or the Moor, or any thing.

King. Oh God! had I then told my Tale
So feebly, it could not gain belief!

Oh my *Florella*! this little Faith of thine
Has quite undone thy King! — *Alonzo*,
Why didst not thou forbid this fatal Marriage,
She being thy only Sister?

Alon. Great Sir, I did oppose it, with what Violence
My Duty would permit; and wou'd have di'd
In a just Quarrel of her dear Defence:
And Sir, though I submitted to my Father,
The Moor, and I, stand on unequal terms.

Phil. Come, who dares drink Confusion to this Moor?

Ant. That, Sir, will I.

Sebast. And I.

Phil. Page, fill my Glass, I will begin the Round;
Ye all shall pledge it; — *Alonzo*, first to thee. [*Drinks.*]

Alon. To me, Sir!

Phil. Why yes, thou lovest him, — therefore —
Nay, you shall drink it, though 'twere o'th' *Stygian* Lake:
Take it, — by Heav'n thou'dst Pimp for him to my Mother, —
Nay, and after that, give him another Sister.

Alon. 'Tis well you are my Prince.

Phil. I'd rather be a Prince of Curs; — come, pledge me. —

Alon. Well, Sir, I'll give you way. [*Drinks.*]

Phil. So wou'dst thou any, — though they trod on thee.
So — nay, Prince Cardinal, though it be not decent
For one so sanctifi'd to drink a Health;
Yet 'tis your Office, both to damn and bless: —
Come, drink and damn the Moor.

Men. Sir, I'm for no carousing.

Phil. I'm in an humour now to be obey'd,
And must not be deny'd: — But see, the Moor

[*Enter Abdelazer, gazes on them.*]

Just come to pledge at last, — Page, fill again. —

Abd. I'll do you reason, Prince, whate'er it be. [*Gives him the Glass.*]

Phil. 'Twas kindly said, — Confusion to the Moor.

Abd. Confusion to the Moor; — if this vain Boy,

See the next rising Sun.

Phil. Well done my Lad. ———

King. Abdelazer, you have been missing long,
The publick Good takes up your whole concern,
But we shall shortly ease you of that load. ———

Come, let's have some Musick;

Ordonio, did I not call for Musick?

Ord. You did, Sir.

Abd. Roderigo. ———

Rod. My gracious Lord. ———

[Roderigo whispers to Abd.]

Abd. No more, ——— the Prince observes us.

Phil. There's no good towards when you are whispering.

Ord. The Musick you commanded, Sir, is ready.

S O N G.

Nymph. **M**ake haste Amintas, come away,
The Sun is up and will not stay,
And oh how very short's a Lover's day.
Make haste, Amintas, to this Grove,
Beneath whose shade so oft I've sat,
And heard my dear lov'd Swain repeat,
How much he Galatea lov'd;
Whilst all the listening Birds around,
Sung to the Musick of the blessed sound.
Make haste Amintas, come away,
The Sun is up and will not stay,
And oh how very short's a Lover's day.

Swain enters, with Shepherds and Shepherdesses, and Pipes;

I hear thy charming Voice, my Fair,
And see bright Nymph, thy Swain is here;
Who his Devotions had much earlier paid,
But that a Lamb of thine was stray'd:
And I the little wanderer have brought,
That with one angry look from thy fair Eyes,
Thou maist the little Fugitive chastise;
Too great a Punishment for any Fault.
Come, Galatea, haste away,
The Sun is up and will not stay,
And oh how very short's a Lover's day.

Dance.

King. How likes *Florella* this ?

Flor. Sir, all Delight's so banish'd from my Soul,
I've lost the taste of every single Joy.

Abd. Gods! this is fine! give me your Art of Flattery,
Or something more of this, will ruine me.

Though I've resolv'd her death, yet whilst she's mine,
I would not have her blown by Summer Flies.

Phil. Mark how he snarles upon the King!
The Cur will bite anon.

Abd. Come, my *Florella*, is't not Bed-time, Love?

Flor. I'll wait upon you, Sir.

[Going out.]

Phil. The Moor has ta'en away, we may depart.

Abd. What has he ta'en away?

[Turns about.]

Phil. The fine gay play-thing, that made us all so merry.

Abd. Was this your sport?

[To his Wife.]

King. *Abdelazer*, keep your way:—Good night, fair Creature!

Abd. I will obey, for once.

[Exit Abd. and Flor.]

King. Why this Resentment, Brother, and in publick?

Phil. Because he gives me cause, and that in publick.

And, Sir, I was not born to bear with Insolence;

I saw him dart Revenge, from both his Eyes,

And bite his angry Lip between his Teeth,

To keep his Jealousie from breaking forth;

Which when it does,—stand fast my King.

King. But, *Philip*, we will find a way to check him;

Till when we must dissemble;—take my counsel,—Good night.

Phil. I cannot, nor I will not;—yet good night.

[Exit King,

Well Friends, I see the King will sleep away his Anger,

and all but

And tamely see us murder'd by this Moor;

[Phil. Party.]

But I'll be active, Boys.

Therefore *Antonio*, you Command the Horse;

Get what more numbers to our Cause you can:

'Tis a good Cause, and will advance our Credit.

We will awake this King, out of his Lethargy of Love,

And make him absolute:—Go to your Charge,

And early in the Morning I'll be with you.

[Ex. all but Phil.]

If all fail, *Portugal* shall be my Refuge,

Those whom so late I conquer'd, shall Protect me.

But this *Alonzo*, I shou'd make an Interest in;

Cou'd I but flatter,—'tis a Youth that's Brave.

Enter Cardinal in haste.

Men. Fly, fly, my Prince, we are betray'd and lost else.

Phil. Betray'd and lost! Dreams, idle Coward, dreams.

Men. Sir, by my Holy Order, I'm in earnest,
And you must either quickly fly, or die;

'Tis

'Tis so ordain'd : — nor have I time to tell
By what strange Miracle I learn'd our Fate.

Phil. Nor care I, I will stay, and brave it.

Men. That, Sir, you shall not, there's no safety here,
And 'tis the Army only can secure us.

Phil. Where had you this Intelligence?

Men. I'll tell you as we go to my Apartment;
Where we must put our selves in Holy dress;

For so the Guards are set in every place,

(And those all Moors, the Slaves of *Abdelazer*)

That 'tis impossible in any other Habit to escape.

Come, haste with me, and let us put 'em on.

Phil. I'd rather stay and kill, till I am weary —
Let's to the Queens Apartment, and seize this Moor ;
I am sure there the Mongrel's kennel'd.

Men. Sir, we lose time in talking, — come with me.

Phil. Where be these Lowfie Gaberdines ?

Men. I will conduct you to 'em.

Phil. Mother, — and Moor, Farewell,
I'll visit you again, and if I do,
My black Infernal, I will conjure you.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

S C E N E I

Enter Abdelazer and Zarrack.

Zar. *O* *Smin* (my Lord) by this has done his task,
And *Philip* is no more among the living. —
Will you not rest to Night ?

Abd. Is this a time for sleep and idleness ? — dull Slaves —

Zar. The bus'ness we have order, Sir, to do,
We can without your aid.

Enter Osimin.

Abd. *Osimin* !

Thy ominous Looks preface an ill success ;

Thy Eyes no joyful news of Murders tell :

I thought I should have seen thee drest in Blood ; —

Speak ! Speak thy News ! —

Say that he lives, and let it be thy last. —

Osm. Yes, Sir, he lives. —

Abd.

Abd. Lives! thou ly'st, base Coward, — lives! — renounce thy Gods!
It were a Sin less dangerous! — speak again.

Ofm. Sir, Philip lives. *Abd.* Oh treacherous Slave!

Ofm. Not by my fault, by Heav'n!

Abd. By what curst chance,
If not from thee, could he evade his Fate?

Ofm. By some Intelligence from his good Angel.

Abd. From his good Devil!

Gods! must the Earth another day at once
Bear him and me alive!

Ofm. Another day! — an Age for ought I know;
For, Sir, the Prince is fled, the Cardinal too.

Abd. Fled! fled! — saist thou?

Oh I cou'd curse the Stars, that rule this Night:

'Tis to the Camp they're fled; the only refuge

That Gods, or Men cou'd give 'em. —

Where got you this Intelligence?

Ofm. My Lord, enquiring for the Prince
At the Apartment of the Cardinal, (whither he went)
His Pages answer'd me, he was at his Devotions:

A lucky time (I thought) to do the deed;

And breaking in, found only their empty Habits,

And a poor sleepy Groom, who with much threatening,
Confess'd that they were fled, in Holy Robes.

Abd. That case of Sanctity was first ordain'd,
To cheat the honest World:

'Twas an unlucky chance; — but we are idle. —

Let's see, how from this ill, we may advance a good: —

[*Pauses.*]

'Tis now dead time of Night, when Rapes, and Murders
Are hid beneath the horrid Veil of Darkness; —

I'll ring through all the Court, with doleful sound,

The sad alarms of Murder, — Murder. — *Zarrack,*

Take up thy standing yonder; — *Ofm.* thou

At the Queens Apartment; — cry out, Murder!

Whilst I, like his ill Genius, do awake the King.

Perhaps in this disorder I may kill him.

[*Aside.*]

— Treason — Murder — Murder — Treason.

Enter Alonzo, and Courtiers.

Alon. What dismal crys are these? —

Abd. Where is the King? — Treason! — Murder! —
Where is the sleeping Queen? — arise! — arise!

Ofm. The Devil taught him all his arts of falsehood.

[*Aside.*]

Enter King in a Night-Gown, with Lights.

King. Who frights our quiet slumbers with this noise?

Enter Queen and Women, with Lights.

Qu. Was it a Dream, or did I hear the sound
Of Treason, call me from my silent Griefs?

King.

King. Who rais'd this Rumour, *Abdelazer*, you?

Abd. I did, Great Sir, *King.* Your Reasons.

Abd. Oh, Sir, your Brother *Philip*, and the Cardinal,
Both animated by a sense of wrongs,
(And envying, Sir, the fortune of your Slave)
Had laid a Plot, this Night, to murder you;
And 'cause they knew it was my waiting Night,
They would have laid the Treason, Sir, on me.

King. The Cardinal, and my Brother! bring them forth,
Their lives shall answer it.

Abd. Sir, 'tis impossible;
For when they found their Villany discover'd,
They in two Friars Habits made escape.

King. That Cardinal is subtle, as ambitious,
And from him *Philip* learnt his dangerous Principles.

Qu. The Ambition of the one, infects the other,
And they are both too dangerous to live.—
But might a Mothers counsel be obey'd,
I wou'd advise you, send the valiant Moor
To fetch 'em back, e'er they can reach the Camp:
For thither they are fled,—where they will find
A welcome fatal to us all.

King. Madam, you counsel well; and *Abdelazer*,
Make it your care to fetch these Traytors back,
Not only for my Safety, and the Kingdom's,
But for they are your Enemies; and th' envious World
Will say, you made this Story to undo 'em.

Abd. Sir, I'll obey; nor will I know repose,
Till I have justifi'd this fatal truth.

King. Mean time I will to my *Florella's* Lodging,
Silence, and Night, are the best Advocates
To plead a Lover's Cause.—*Abdelazer*,—haste.
Madam, I'll wait on you to your Chamber.

Abd. Sir, that's my Duty.

King. Madam, good night; — *Alonzo*, to your rest.

[*Ex. all but Qu. and Abd.*

Qu. *Philip* escap'd!

Oh that I were upon some Desert shoar,
Where I might only to the Waves and Winds
Breathe out my sense of Rage for this Defeat.

Abd. Oh 'tis no time for Rage, but Action, Madam.

Qu. Give me but any hopes of blest Revenge,
And I will be as calm, as happy Lovers.

Abd. There is a way! and is but — that alone;
But such a way, as never must be nam'd.

Qu. How! not be nam'd! Oh swear thou hat'st me rather,
It were a torment equal to thy silence.

Abd. I'll shew my Passion rather in that silence.

Qu. Kind Torturer, what mean'st thou?

Abd. To shew you, Madam, I had rather live
Wrong'd and condemn'd by Philip,
Than have your dearer Name made Infamous.

Qu. Heav'n's! dost thou mock my Rage! can any Sin
I could commit, undo my Honour more
Than his late Insolence!

Oh name me something may revenge that shame!
I wou'd encounter killing Plagues, or Fire,
To meet it: — Come, oh quickly give me ease.

Abd. I dare no more reveal the guilty Secret,
Than you dare execute it when tis told.

Qu. How little I am understood by thee: —
Come, tell me instantly, for I grow impatient;
You shall obey me, — nay, I do command you.

Abd. Durst you proclaim — Philip a Bastard, Madam.

Qu. Hah! proclaim my self — what he wou'd have me thought!
What mean'st thou? —

Abd. Instruct you in the way to your Revenge.

Qu. Upon my self, thou mean'st. — *Abd.* No; —
He's now fled to th' Camp, where he'll be fortifi'd
Beyond our power to hurt, but by this means;
Which takes away his hopes of being a King,
(For he'd no other aim in taking Arms)
And leaves him open to the Peoples scorn;
Whom own'd as King, numbers would assist him,
And then our Lives he may dispose,
As he has done our Honours.

Qu. There's reason in thy words, but oh my Fame!

Abd. Which I, by Heaven, am much more tender of,
Than my own Life or Honour; and I've a way
To save that too, which I'll at leisure tell you.
In the mean time, send for your Confessor,
And with a borrow'd Penitence confess,
Their Idol Philip is a Bastard;
And zealously pretend you're urg'd by Conscience:
A cheap pretence to cozen Fools withal.

Qu. Revenge, although I court thee with my fatal ruine,
I must enjoy thee! there's no other way,
And I'm resolv'd upon the mighty Pleasure;
He has prophan'd my purer flame for thee,
And merits to partake the Infamy. —

[He leads her out.]

Abd. Now have at my young King: —
I know he means to Cuckold me to Night,
Whilst he believes, I'll tamely step aside; —
No, let Philip and the Cardinal gain the Camp,
I will not hinder 'em: —
I have a nobler Sacrifice to make

To my declining Honour, shall redeem it,
And pay it back with Interest: — well, then in order to't,
I'll watch about the Lodgings of *Florella*,
And if I see this hot young Lover enter,
I'll save my Wife the trouble of allaying
The amorous Heat: — this — will more nimbly do'r,
And do it once for all. —

{Snatches out
his Dagger.

Enter Florella in her Night-Cloaths.

Flor. My *Abdelazer*, — why in that fierce posture,
As if thy Thoughts were always bent on Death? —
Why is that Dagger out? — against whom drawn?

Abd. Or stay, — suppose I let him see *Florella*,
And when he's high with the expected Bliss,
Then take him thus: — Oh 'twere a fine surprize!

Flor. My Lord, — dear *Abdelazer*. —

Abd. Or say — I made her kill him, — that were yet
An Action much more worthy of my Vengeance.

Flor. Will you not speak to me? what have I done?

Abd. By Heaven it shall be so. —

Flor. What shall be so? — *Abd.* Hah! —

Flor. Why dost thou dress thy Eyes in such unusual wonder?
There's nothing here that is a stranger to thee;
Or what is not intirely thine own.

Abd. Mine! *Flor.* Thou canst not doubt it.

Abd. No, — and for a proof thou art so, — take this Dagger.

Flor. Alas, Sir! — what to do?

Abd. To stab a Heart, *Florella*, a Heart that loves thee. —

Flor. Heaven forbid!

Abd. No matter what Heaven will, I say it must. —

Flor. What must? —

Abd. That Dagger must enter the Heart of him
That loves thee best, *Florella*; — guess the Man.

Flor. What means my Moor? —

Wouldst thou have me kill thy self?

Abd. Yes, — when I love thee better than the King.

Flor. Ah, Sir! what mean you?

Abd. To have you kill this King,

When next he does pursue thee with his love; —
What, do you weep? —

By Heav'n they shall be bloody Tears then. —

Flor. I shall deserve them, — when I suffer Love
That is not fit to hear; — but for the King,
That which he pays me, is so innocent. —

Abd. So innocent! — damn thy dissembling-Tongue;
Did I not see, with what fierce wishing Eyes
He gaz'd upon thy Face, whilst yours as wantonly
Return'd, and understood the amorous Language.

Flor. Admit it true, that such his Passions were,

As (Heaven's my witness) I've no cause to fear;
Have not I Virtue to resist his flame, —
Without a pointed Steel?

Abd. Your Virtue! — Curse on the weak defence;
Your Virtue's equal to his Innocence. —
Here, — take this Dagger, and if this Night he visit thee,
When he least thinks on't, — send it to his Heart.

Flor. If you suspect me, do not leave me, Sir.

Abd. Oh — I'm dispatch'd away, — to leave you free, —
About a wonderful Affair: — mean time,
I know you will be visited; — but as you wish to live,
At my return, let me behold him dead. —
Be sure you do't. — 'tis for thy Honours safety.
I love thee so, that I can take no rest,
Till thou hast kill'd thy Image in his Breast.

— Adieu, my dear *Florella*. — [Exit.]

Flor. Murder my King! — the Man that loves me too! —
What Fiend, what Fury, such an act wou'd do?
My trembling Hand, wou'd not the Weapon bear,
And I shou'd sooner strike it here, — than there. — [Pointing to her Breast.]
No! though of all I am, this Hand alone
Is what thou canst command, as being thy own;
Yet this has plighted no such cruel Vow:
No Duty binds me to obey thee now.
To save my King's, my life, I will expose,
No Martyr dies in a more Glorious Cause. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen in an undress alone, with a Light.

Qu. Thou grateful Night, to whom all happy Lovers
Make their devout and humble Invocations;
Thou Court of Silence, where the God of Love,
Lays by the awful terror of a Deity,
And every harmful Dart, and deals around
His kind Desires; whilst thou, blest Friend to Joys,
Draw'st all thy Curtains, made of gloomy Shades,
To veil the Blushes of soft yielding Maids;
Beneath thy covert grant the Love-sick King,
May find admittance to *Florella's* Arms;
And being there, keep back the busy Day;
Maintain thy Empire till my Moor returns;
Where in her Lodgings he shall find his Wife,
Amidst her amorous Dalliance with my Son. —
My watchful Spies are waiting for the knowledge,
Which when to me imparted, I'll improve,
Till my Revenge be equal to my Love.

Enter Elvira.

— *Elvira*, in thy Looks I read success; —
What-hast thou learnt?

Elv. Madam, the King is gone as you imagin'd,
To fair *Florella's* Lodging.

Qu. But art thou sure he gain'd Admittance?

Elv. Yes, Madam;

But what welcome he has found, to me's unknown,
But I believe it must be great, and kind.

Qu. I am of thy Opinion. —

But now, *Elvira*, for a well-laid Plot,
To ruine this *Florella*; — though she be innocent,
Yet she must die; so hard a Destiny
My Passion for her Husband does decree:
But 'tis the way, I stop at. —

His Jealousie already I have rais'd;
That's not enough, his Honour must be touch'd:
This meeting 'twixt the King, and fair *Florella*,
Must then be render'd publick;

'Tis the Disgrace, not Action, must incense him: —

Go you to Don *Alonzo's* Lodging strait, [Exit *Elvira*.]

Whilst I prepare my story for his Ear. —
Assist me all that's ill in Woman-kind,
And furnish me with Sighs, and feigned Tears,
That may express a Grief, for this discovery. —

My Son, be like thy Mother, hot and bold;
And like the noble Ravisher of *Rome*,
Court her with Daggers, when thy Tongue grows faint,
Till thou hast made a Conquest o'er her Vertue.

Enter *Alonzo*, *Elvira*.

— Oh *Alonzo*, I have strange News to tell thee!

Alon. It must be strange indeed, that makes my Queen
Dress her fair Eyes in sorrow.

Qu. It is a Dress that thou wilt be in love with,
When thou shalt hear my Story. —

You had a Sister once. *Alon.* Had!

Qu. Yes, had, — whilst she was like thy self, all Vertue;
Till her bewitching Eyes kindled such flames,
As will undo us all.

Alon. My Sister, Madam! sure it cannot be: —
What Eyes? what Flames? — inform me strait.

Qu. *Alonzo*, thou art honest, just, and brave,
And should I tell thee more, —

(Knowing thy Loyalty's above all Nature)
It would oblige thee to commit an Outrage,
Which baser Spirits will call Cruelty.

Alon. Gods, Madam! do not praise my Vertue thus,
Which is so poor, it scarce affords me patience.

To attend the end of what you wou'd deliver. —
 Come, Madam, say my Sister — is a Whore;
 I know 'tis so you mean: and being so,
 Where shall I kneel for Justice?
 Since he that shou'd afford it me,
 Has made her Criminal. —

Pardon me, Madam, 'tis the King I mean.

Qu. I grieve to own, all thy Prophetick fears
 Are true, *Alonzo*, 'tis indeed the King.

Alon. Then I'm disarm'd,
 For Heaven can only punish him.

Qu. But, *Alonzo*,
 Whilst that Religious Patience dwells about thee,
 All *Spain* must suffer, nay, Ages that shall ensue,
 Shall curse thy Name, and Family;
 From whom a Race of Bastards shall proceed,
 To wear that Crown.

Alon. No, Madam, not from mine,
 My Sister's in my power, her Honour's mine;
 I can command her Life, though not my Kings.
 Her Mother is a Saint, and shou'd she now
 Look down from Heaven upon a deed so foul,
 I think even there, she wou'd invent a Curse,
 To thunder on her Head. —

But Madam, whence was this Intelligence?

Qu. *Elvira* saw the King enter her Lodgings,
 With Lovers haste, and joy. *Alon.* Her Lodgings! — when?

Qu. Now, not an hour ago, —
 Now, since the Moor departed.

Alon. Damnation on her! can she be thus false? —
 Come, lead me to the Lodgings of this Strumpet,
 And make me see this truth,
 Or I will leave thee dead, for thus abusing me. }

to *Elvira*.

Qu. Nay, dear *Alonzo*, do not go inrag'd,
 Stay till your Temper wears a calmer look;
 That if, by chance, you shou'd behold the Wantons,
 In little harmless Dalliance, such as Lovers
 (Aided with Silence, and the Shades of Night)
 May possibly commit,

You may not do, that which you may repent of.

Alon. Gods! should I play the Pander!
 And with my Patience, aid the am'rous Sin? —
 No, I shall scarce have so much tameness left,
 To mind me of my Duty to my King.

Ye Gods! behold the Sacrifice I make
 To my lost Honour: Behold, and aid my justice.

[Exit *Alonzo*.]

Qu. It will concern me too, to see this wonder,
 For yet I scarce can credit it.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE III. Florella's Lodgings.

Enter the King, leading in Florella all in fear.

Flor. Ah, Sir, the Gods and you would be more merciful,
If by a Death less cruel than my Fears,
You would preserve my Honour; begin it quickly,
And after that I will retain my Duty,
And at your Feet breathe Thanks in dying Sighs.

King. Where learnt you, Fairest, so much Cruelty,
To charge me with the Pow'r of injuring thee?
Not from my Eyes, where Love and Languishment
Too sensibly inform thee of my Heart.

Flor. Call it not Injury, Sir, to free my Soul
From fears which such a Visit must create,
In dead of Night, when nought but frightful Ghosts
Of restless Souls departed walk the Round.

King. That fleeting thing am I; whom all Repose,
All Joys, and every good of Life abandon'd,
That fatal hour thou gavest thy self away;
And I was doom'd to endless desperation:
Yet whilst I liv'd, all glorious with my hopes,
Some sacred Treasures in thy Breast I hid,
And near thee still my greedy Soul will hover.

Flor. Ah rather like a Ravisher you come,
With love and fierceness in your dangerous Eyes;
And both will equally be fatal to me.

King. Ah do not fear me, as the fair *Lucretia*
Did the fierce *Roman* Youth; I mean no Rapes,
Thou canst not think that I wou'd force those Joys,
Which cease to be so, when compell'd, *Florella*: —
No, I wou'd sooner pierce this faithful Heart,
Whose flame appears too Criminal for your mercy.

Flor. Why do you fright me, Sir? methinks your Looks
All pale; your Eyes thus fixt, and trembling Hands,
The awful horror of the dark and silent Night,
Strikes a cold Terror round my fainting Heart,
That does presage some fatal Accident.

King. 'Tis in your cruel Eyes the danger lies: —
Wou'd you receive me with that usual Tenderneſs
Which did express it self in every Smile,
I should dismiss this Horror from my Face,
And place again its native Calmness there;
And all my Veins shall re-assume their heat,
And with a new, and grateful Ardour beat.

Flor. Sir, all my Soul is taken up with fear,
And you advance your Fate, by staying here: —
Fly, fly, this place of death; — if *Abdelazer*
Shou'd find you here, — all the Divinity

About your sacred Person, could not guard you.

King. Ah, my *Florella*, cease thy needless fear,
And in thy Soul let nothing reign but Love!
Love! that with soft Desires may fill thy Eyes,
And save thy Tongue the pain t' instruct my Heart,
In the most grateful Knowledge Heav'n can give me.

Flor. That Knowledge, Sir, wou'd make us both more wretched,
Since you, I know, wou'd still be wishing on,
And I shou'd grant, till we were both undone.
And, Sir, how little she were worth your care,
Cou'd part with all her honourable Fame,
For an inglorious Life, — short and despis'd —

King. Canst thou believe a flame thy Eyes have kindled,
Can urge me to an infamous pursuit? —

No, my *Florella*, I adore thy Vertue,
And none prophane those Shrines, to whom they offer;
— Say but thou lov'st, — and I thus low will bow, —
And sue to thee, to be my Sovereign Queen;
I'll circle thy bright Forehead with the Crowns
Of *Castile*, *Portugal*, and *Arragon*;
And all those petty Kingdoms, which do bow
Their Tributary Knees to thy Adorer.

[*Kneels.*]

Flor. Ah, Sir! have you forgot by sacred Vow
All that I am, is *Abdelazer's* now.

King. By Heav'n it was a sacrilegious Theft!
But I the Treasure from his Breast will tear,
And reach his Heart, though thou art seated there.

Flor. A deed like that, my Vertue wou'd undo,
And leave a stain upon your Glories too;
A Sin, that wou'd my Hate, not Passion move;
I owe a Duty, where I cannot love.

King. Thou think'st it then no Sin to kill thy King;
For I must die, without thy love, *Florella*.

Flor. How tamely, Sir, you with the Serpent play,
Whose fatal Poison must your Life betray;
And though a King, cannot Divine your Fate,
Kings only differ from the Gods in that. —

See, Sir, with this, — I am your Murderer made; [Holds up a Dagger.
By those we love, we soonest are betray'd.

King. How! can that fair Hand acquaint it self with death?
— What wilt thou do, *Florella*? *Flor.* Your Destiny divert,
And give my Heart those Wounds design'd for yours.
— If you advance, I'll give the deadly Blow.

King. Hold! — I command thee hold thy impious Hand,
My Heart dwells there, and if you strike — I die.

Enter Queen, Alonzo, and Elvira.

Qu. *Florella!* arm'd against the King! — {Snatches the Dagger and
Oh traitress! {stabs her; the King rises.

King.

King. Hold! — hold, inhumane Murdrefs;

What hast thou done, most barbarous of thy Sex! [*Takes Flor. in his Arms.*

Qu. Destroy'd thy Murdrefs, — and my too fair Rival. [*Aside.*

King. My Murdrefs! — what Devil did inspire thee

With Thoughts so black and sinful? cou'd this fair Saint

Be guilty of a Murder! — No, no, too cruel Mother,

With her Eyes, her charming lovely Eyes,

She might have kill'd, and her too vertuous Cruelty.

— Oh my *Florella*! Sacred lovely Creature!

Flor. My death was kind, since it prevented yours!

And by that Hand, which sav'd mine from a guilt: [*Points to the Queen.*

— That Dagger, I receiv'd of *Abdelazer*,

To stab that Heart, — he said, that lov'd me best;

But I design'd to overcome your Passion,

And then to have vanquish'd *Abdelazer's* Jealousie:

But finding you too faithful to be happy,

I did resolve to die, — and have my wish.

— Farewell — my King, — my Soul begins its flight,

— And now — is hovering — in eternal — Night. [*Dies.*

King. She's gone, — she's gone, — her sacred Soul is fled

To that Divinity, of which it is a part;

Too excellent to inhabit Earthly Bodies.

Alon. Oh, Sir, you grieve too much, for one so foul.

King. What prophane Breath was that pronounc'd her foul!

Thy Mother's Soul, though turn'd into a Cherubin,

Was black to hers: — Oh she was all Divine.

— *Alonzo*, — was it thou? — her Brother!

Alon. When she was good, I own'd that Title, Sir.

King. Good! — by all the Gods she was as chaste as Vestals!

As Saints translated to Divine abodes.

— I offer'd her to be my Queen, *Alonzo*!

To share the growing Glories of my Youth;

But uncorrupted she my Crown contemn'd,

And on her Vertues guard stood thus defended.

— Oh my *Florella*! let me here lie fix'd,

And never rise, till I am cold and pale,

As thou fair Saint art now: — but sure

She cou'd not die; — that noble generous Heart,

That arm'd with Love and Honour, did rebate

All the fierce Sieges of my amorous Flame,

Might sure defend it self against those Wounds

Given by a Womans Hand, — or rather 'twas a Devils. [*Rises.*

— What dost thou merit for this Treachery?

Thou vilest of thy Sex —

But thou'rt a thing I have miscall'd a Mother,

And therefore will not touch thee, — live to suffer

By a more shameful way; — but here she lies

Whom I, though dead, must still adore as living.

Alon. Sir, pray retire, there's danger in your stay;
When I reflect upon this Nights disorder,
And the Queens Art to raise my Jealousie;
And after that my Sisters being murder'd,
I must believe there is some deeper Plot,
Something design'd against your sacred Person.

King. *Alonzo!* raise the Court, I'll find it
Though 'twere hid within my Mothers Soul.

[Exit Alonzo.]

Qu. My gentle Son, pardon my kind mistake,
I did believe her arm'd against thy Life.

King. Peace Fury! Not ill-boding Raven shrieks,
Nor midnight cries of murder'd Ghosts, are more
Ungrateful, than thy faint and dull Excuses.

— Be gone! and trouble not the silent Griefs,
Which will insensibly decay my life,

Till like a Marble Statue I am fixt,
Dropping continual Tears upon her Tomb.

{ Kneels, and weeps
at Flor.'s Feet.

Abd. *within.* Guard all the Chamber-Doors! — fire and confusion
Consume these Spanish Dogs! — was I for this
Sent to fetch back a *Philip*, and a Cardinal,
To have my Wife abus'd?

Enter Abdelazer.

Qu. Patience! dear *Abdelazer!*

Abd. Patience and I am Foes! where's my *Florella?* —
The King! and in *Florella's* Bed-Chamber!

— *Florella!* dead too! —

Rise! thou Eternal Author of my shame;

Gay thing! — to you I speak!

[King rises.]

And thus throw off Allegiance.

Qu. Oh stay your Fury, generous *Abdelazer!*

Abd. Away! fond Woman.

[Throws her from him.]

King. Villain! to me this Language!

Abd. To thee, young amorous King!

How at this dead and silent time of Night,

Durst you approach the Lodgings of my Wife?

King. I scorn to answer thee.

Abd. I'll search it in thy Heart then.

{ They fight, Qu. and Elv.

King. The Devils not yet ready for his Soul,
And will not claim his due: — Oh I am wounded!

{ run out crying Treason.

[Falls.]

Abd. No doubt on't, Sir, these are no Wounds of Love.

King. Whate'er they be, you might have spar'd 'em now,
Since those *Florella* gave me were sufficient:

— And yet a little longer — fixing thus —

Thou'dst seen me turn to Earth, without thy aid.

— *Florella!* — *Florella!* — is thy Soul fled so far

It cannot answer me, and call me on? —

And yet like dying Echoes in my Ears,

I hear thee cry, my Love! — I come — I come, fair Soul!

Thus

— Thus at thy Feet— my Heart shall— bleeding— lie,
Who since it liv'd for thee,— for thee— will— die. [Dies.]

Abd. So— thou art gone ; — there was a King but now,
And now a senseless, dull, and breathless nothing. [A noise of fighting without.]

Enter Queen running.

Qu. Oh Heav'ns! my Son— the King! the King is kill'd! —
Yet I must save his Murderer : — Fly, my Moor ;

Alonzo, Sir, assisted by some Friends,
Has set upon your Guards,
And with resistless Fury is making hither. *Abd.* Let him come on.

Enter Alonzo and others, led in by Osmin, Zarrack, and Moors.

— Oh are you fast? — [Takes away their Swords.]

Alon. What mean'st thou, Villain !

Abd. To put your Swords to better uses, Sir,
Than to defend the cause of Ravishers.

Alon. Oh Heavens! the King is murder'd !

Abd. Look on that Object, —
Thy Sister ! and my Wife ! who's doubly murder'd,
First in her spotless Honour, then her Life.

Alon. Heaven is more guilty than the King in this !

Qu. My Lords, be calm ; and since your King is murder'd,
Think of your own dear Safeties ; chuse a new King
That may defend you from the Tyrant's Rage.

Alon. Who should we chuse ? Prince *Philip* is our King.

Abd. By Heaven but *Philip* shall not be my King !
Philip's a Bastard, and Traytor to his Country :

He braves us with an Army at our Walls,
Threatning the Kingdom with a fatal ruine.
And who shall lead you forth to Conquest now,
But *Abdelazer*, whose Sword reap'd Victory,
As oft as 'twas unsheath'd ; — and all for *Spain* !

— How many Lawrels has this Head adorn'd ?

Witness the many Battels I have won ;
In which I've emptied all my Youthful Veins,
And all for *Spain* ! — ungrateful of my Favours !

— I do not boast my Birth,
Nor will not urge to you my Kingdoms ruine ;
But loss of Blood, and numerous Wounds receiv'd,
And still for *Spain* ! —

And can you think, that after all my Toils
I wou'd be still a Slave ! — to Bastard *Philip* too !
That dangerous Foe ! who with the Cardinal
Threatens with Fire and Sword. — I'll quench those flames,
Such an esteem I still preserve for *Spain*. —

Alon. What means this long Harangue ! what does it aim at ?

Abd. To be Protector of the Crown of *Spain*,
Till we agree about a lawful Successor. *Alon.* Oh Devil ! —

Qu. We are betray'd, and round beset with horrors ;

If we deny him this, — the Power being his, —
 We're all undone, and Slaves unto his mercy.
 Besides, — Oh give me leave to blush when I declare,
 That *Philip* is — as he has rendred him —
 But I in love to you, love to my *Spain*,
 Chose rather to proclaim my Infamy,
 Than an ambitious Bastard should be crown'd.

Alon. Here's a fine Plot, —
 What Devil reigns in Woman, when she doats! *[Aside.]*

Rod. My Lords, I see no remedy but he must be Protector.

Alon. Oh Treachery! — have you so soon forgot
 The noble *Philip*, and his glorious Heir,
 The murder'd *Ferdinand*! —

— And Madam, you so soon forgot a Mother's name,
 That you wou'd give him Power that kill'd your Son!

Abd. The modesty wherewith I'll use that Power,
 Shall let you see, I have no other Interest —
 But what's intirely *Spain's*. — Restore their Swords,
 And he amongst you all who is dissatisf'd —
 I set him free this minute.

Alon. I take thee at thy word, —
 And instantly to *Philip's* Camp will fly. *[Exit.]*

Abd. By all the Gods my Ancestors ador'd,
 But that I scorn the envying World shou'd think
 I took delight in Blood, — I wou'd not part so with you!

— But you, my Lords, who value *Spain's* Repose.
 Must for it instantly with me take Arms: —
 Prince *Philip*, and the Cardinal, now ride
 Like *Jove* in Thunder; we in Storms must meet them:
 To Arms! to Arms! and then to Victory,
 Resolv'd to Conquer, or resolv'd to die. *[Exeunt.]*

A C T IV.

Enter Abdelazer, Osmin bearing his Helmet of Feathers, Zarrack,
with his Sword and Truncheon.

Abd. Come *Osmin*, arm me quickly, for the day
 Comes on apace; and the fierce Enemy
 Will take advantages, by our delay.

Enter Queen and Elvira.

Qu. Oh my dear Moor!
 The rude, exclaiming, ill-affected Multitude,
 (Tempestuous as the Sea) run up and down,
 Some crying, kill the Bastard, — some the Moor;
 These for King *Philip*, — those for *Abdelazer*.

Abd. Your Fears are idle, — blow 'em into Air.
 I rush'd amongst the thickest of their Crowds,
 And with the awful splendor of my Eyes.

Like the Imperious Sun, dispers'd the Clouds. But I must Combat now a fiercer Foe,
The hot-brain'd Philip, and a jealous Cardinal.

Qu. And must you go, before I make you mine?

Abd. That's my misfortune; — when I return with Victory,
And lay my Wreaths of Laurel at your Feet,
You shall exchange them, for your glorious Fetters.

Qu. How canst thou hope for Victory, when their numbers
So far exceed thy Powers?

Abd. What's wanting there, we must supply with Conduct.
I know you will not stop at any thing
That may advance our Interest, and Enjoyment.

Qu. Look back on what I have already done;
And after that, look forward with assurance.

Abd. You then (with only Women in your Train)
Must to the Camp, and to the Cardinal's Tent; —
Tell him, your Love to him hath drawn you thither:
Then undermine his Soul, — you know the way on't.
And sooth him into a belief, that the best way to gain your Heart, is to
leave Philip's Interest; urge 'tis the Kingdom's safety, and your own; and
use your fiercest threats, to draw him to a Peace with me; not that you
love me, but for the Kingdom's good: Then in a Tent which I will pitch
on purpose, get him to meet me: He being drawn off, thousands of Bigots
(who think to cheat the World into an Opinion, that fighting for the
Cardinal is a pious work) will (when he leaves the Camp) desert it too.

Qu. I understand you, and more than I have time to be
Instructed in, I will perform, and possibly
Before you can begin, I'll end my Conquests.

Abd. 'Twill be a Victory worthy of your Beauty.
— I must to Horse, farewell my generous Mistress.

Qu. Farewell! and may thy Arms as happy prove,
As shall my Art, when it dissembles Love.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, Philip's Tent.

Enter Philip, Alonzo, and Guards.

Phil. 'Tis a sad story thou hast told, *Alonzo*;
Yet 'twill not make me shed one single Tear:
They must be all of blood, that I will offer,
To my dear Brother's Ghost! —
But gallant Friend, this good his ills have done,
To turn thee over to our juster Interest,
For thou didst love him once.

Alon. Whilst I believ'd him honest, and for my Sisters sake;
But since, his Crimes have made a Convert of me.

Phil. Gods! is it possible the Queen should countenance
His horrid Villanies!

Alon. Nay, worse than so, 'tis thought she'll marry him!

Phil. Marry him! then here upon my Knees I vow,
To shake all Duty from my Soul,

[Kneels.]

And

And all that reverence Children owe a Parent,
Shall henceforth be converted into hate. [Rises.]

— Damnation! marry him! Oh I cou'd curse my Birth! —
This will confirm the World in their Opinion,
That she's the worst of Women; —
That I am basely born too, (as she gives it out.)
That thought alone, does a just Rage inspire,
And kindles round my Heart an active fire.

Alon. A disobedience, Sir, to such a Parent,
Heaven must forgive the Sin, if this be one.

— Yet do not, Sir, in words abate that fire,
Which will assist you a more effectual way.

Phil. Death! I cou'd talk of it an Age; —
And, like a Woman, fret my Anger high,
Till like my Rage, I have advanc'd a Courage
Able to fight the World against my Mother!

Alon. Our Wrongs without a Rage, will make us fight,
Wrongs that wou'd make a Coward Resolute.

Phil. Come, noble Youth,
Let us joyn both our several Wrongs in one,
And from them make a solemn Resolution,
Never to part our Interest, till this Moor,
This worse than Devil Moor be sent to Hell.

Phil. Hark, — hark, — the Charge is sounded, let's to Horse,
St. Jaques for the right of Spain and me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, A Grove.

Drums and Trumpets a far off, with noise of fighting at a distance:

After a little while, enter Philip in a Rage.

Phil. Oh unjust Powers! why d'ye protect this Monster; —
And this damn'd Cardinal, that comes not up
With the Castilian Troops; curse on his formal Politicks; —

Enter Alonzo.

— *Alonzo*, where's the Moor?

Alon. The Moor! — a Devil! — never did Fiend of Hell,
Compell'd by some Magician's Charms,
Break through the Prison of the folded Earth
With more swift Horror, then this Prince of Fate
Breaks through our Troops, in sight of opposition.

Phil. Death! 'tis not his single Arm that Works these Wonders,
But our Cowardice; — Oh this Dog Cardinal! — [Enter Antonio.]

Anton. Sound a Retreat, or else the day is lost.

Phil. I'll beat that Cur to death that sounds Retreat.

Enter Sebastian.

Sebast. Sound a Retreat.

Phil. Who is't that tempts my Sword? — continue the Alarm,
Fight on Pell mell, — fight — kill — be damn'd — do any thing
But sound Retreat: — Oh this damn'd Coward Cardinal! — [Exeunt.]

The noise of fighting near; after a little while enter Philip again.

Phil. Not yet, ye Gods! Oh this eternal Coward.——

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Sir, bring up your Reserves, or all is lost;
Ambition plumes the Moor, and makes him act
Deeds of such wonder, that even you wou'd envy them.

Phil. 'Tis well; — I'll raise my Glories to that dazling height
Shall darken his, or set in endless Night. [Exit.

SCENE, A Grove.

Enter Card. and Queen; the noise of a Battel continuing afar off all the Scene.

Qu. By all thy Love, by all thy Languishments,
By all those Sighs and Tears paid to my Cruelty,
By all thy Vows, thy passionate Letters sent,
I do conjure thee, go not forth to fight:
Command your Troops not to engage with *Philip*,
Who aims at nothing but the Kingdom's ruine.
—— *Fernando's* kill'd, — the Moor has gain'd the Power,
A Power that you nor *Philip* can withstand;
And is't not better he were lost, than *Spain*?
Since one must be a Sacrifice.——

Besides, — if I durst tell it,
There's something I cou'd whisper to thy Soul,
Wou'd make thee blush at ev'ry single good
Thou'ast done that insolent Boy: — But 'tis not now
A time for Stories of so strange a nature, —
Which when you know, you will conclude with me,
That every Man that Arms for *Philip's* Cause,
Merits the name of Traytor.——

Be wise in time, and leave his shameful Interest,
An Interest thou wilt curse thy self for taking;
Be wise, and make Alliance with the Moor.

Card. And Madam, shou'd I lay aside my wrongs,
Those publick Injuries I have receiv'd,
And make a mean and humble Peace with him?

—— No, let *Spain* be ruin'd by our Civil Swords,
Ere for its safety I forego mine Honour.——

Enter an Officer.

Offic. Advance, Sir, with your Troops, or we are lost.

Card. Give order.——

Qu. That they stir not on their lives;
Is this the Duty that you owe your Country?
Is this your Sanctity — and Love to me?
Is't thus you treat the Glory I have offer'd
To raise you to my Bed?

To rule a Kingdom, be a Nations safety,
To advance in Hostile manner to their Walls;
Walls that confine your Countrymen, and Friends,

And Queen, to whom you've vow'd eternal Peace,
 Eternal Love; and will you court in Arms?
 Such rude Addresses wou'd but ill become you.
 No, — from this hour renounce all Claims to me,
 Or Philip's Interest; — for let me tell you, — Cardinal,
 This Love — and that Revenge — are inconsistent.

Card. But Madam. —

Qu. No more; — disband your Rebel Troops,
 And straight with me to *Abdelazer's* Tent,
 Where all his Claims he shall resign to you
 Both in my self, the Kingdom, and the Crown:
 You being departed, thousands more will leave him,
 And you're alone the Prop to his Rebellion.

Enter Sebastian.

Sebast. Advance, advance, my Lord, with all your Force,
 Or else the Prince and Victory is lost,
 Which now depends upon his single Valour;
 Who, like some Ancient Hero, or some God,
 Thunders amongst the thickest of his Enemies,
 Destroying all before him in such numbers,
 That piles of dead obstruct his passage to the living. —
 Relieve him straight, my Lord, with our last Cavalry and hopes.

Card. I'll follow instantly. — *[Ex. Sebast.]*

Qu. Sir, but you shall not, unless it be to death; —
 Shall you preserve the only Man I hate,
 And hate with so much reason? — let him fall
 A Victim to an injur'd Mothers Honour,
 — Come, I will be obey'd, — indeed I must. — *[Fawns on him.]*

Card. When you're thus soft, can I retain my Anger? —
 Oh look but ever thus — in spite of Injuries —
 I shall become as tame and peaceable,
 As are your charming Eyes, when dress'd in Love,
 Which melting down my Rage, leave me defenceless.
 — Ah Madam, have a generous care of me,
 For I have now resign'd my Power to you. *[Shouts within.]*

Qu. What shouts are these?

Enter Sebastian.

Sebast. My Lord, the Enemy is giving ground,
 And Philip's Arm alone sustains the day;
 Advance, Sir, and compleat the Victory. — *[Exit.]*
Qu. Give order straight that a Retreat be founded;
 And whilst they do so, by me conducted
 We'll instantly to *Abdelazer's* Tent: —
 Hasten, — hasten, my Lord, whilst I attend you here. *[Exeunt severally.]*

Cardinal going out, is met by Philip.

Phil. Oh damn your lazy Order, where have you been, Sir?
 — But 'tis no time for questions,
 Move forward with your Relieves.

Card.

Card. I will not, Sir. — Phil. How, will not?

Card. Now to advance would be impolitic;
Already by your desperate Attempts,
You've lost the best part of our Hopes.

Phil. Death! you lye. — Card. Lye, Sir!

Phil. Yes, lye, Sir: — therefore come on,
Follow the desperate Reer-Guards, which is mine,
And where I'll die or Conquer; — follow my Sword
The bloody way it leads, or else by Heaven
I'll give the Moor the Victory in spight,
And turn my Force on thee; —
Plague of your Cowardice, — Come, follow me.

[Ex. Card.]

S C E N E, The Grove.

As Philip is going off, he is overtook by Alonzo, Antonio, Sebastian, and other
Officers: At the other side some Moors, and others of Abdelazer's Party, enter
and fall on Philip and the rest; — the Moors are beaten off; — one left
dead on the Stage. — Enter Abdelazer, with Roderigo and some others.

Abd. Oh for more Work, — more Souls to send to Hell!
— Ha, ha, ha, here's one going thither, — Sirrah — Slave —
Moor — who kill'd thee? — how he grins: — this Breast,
Had it been temper'd and made proof like mine,
It never would have been a mark for Fools.

Abd. going out: Enter Philip, Alonzo, Sebastian, Antonio, and
Officers, as passing over the Stage.

Phil. I'll wear my Sword to th' Hilt, but I will find
The subject of my Vengeance.

Moor, 'tis for thee I seek, where art thou, Slave? —

Abd. Here, Philip. — [Abd. turns.]

Phil. Fate and Revenge, I thank thee! —

Abd. Why — thou art brave, who'er begot thee.

Phil. Villain, a King begot me.

Abd. I know not that,
But I'll be sworn thy Mother was a Queen;
And I will kill thee handfomly for her sake.

Alon. Hold — hold my Prince. {Offer to fight, their
Parties hinder them.

Osm. Great Sir, what mean you? [To Abd.]

The Victory being yours, to give your life away
On one so mad and desperate.

[Their Parties draw.]

Phil. Alonzo, hold,
We two will be the Fate of this great Day.

Abd. And I'll forego all I've already won,
And claim no Conquest; though whole heaps of Bodies,
Which this Right-hand has slain, declare me Victor.

Phil. No matter who's the Victor; I have thee in my view,
And will not leave thee,
Till thou hast crown'd those heaps, and made 'em all

The glorious Trophies of my Victory — Come on, Sir —

Alon. You shall not fight thus single;

If you begin, by Heaven we'll all fall on.

Phil. Dost thou suspect my Power?

Oh I am arm'd with more than compleat Steel,

The justice of my Quarrel; when I look

Upon my Father's Wrongs, my Brother's Wounds,

My Mother's Infamy, Spain's Miserie,

I am all fire; and yet I am too cold

To let out Blood enough for my Revenge.

— Therefore stir not a Sword on my side.

Abd. Nor on mine.

They fight; both their Parties engage on either side; the Scene draws off and discovers both the Armies, which all fall on and make the main Battel: Philip prevails, the Moors give ground: Then the Scene closes to the Grove. Enter some Moors flying in disorder.

SCENE changes to a Tent.

Enter Abdelazer, Roderigo, Osmín, Zarrack, and some others of his Party.

Rod. Oh fly, my Lord, fly, for the day is lost.

Abd. There are three hundred and odd days in ' year,

And cannot we lose one? — dismiss thy Fears,

They'll make a Coward of thee.

Osm. Sir, all the noble Spaniards have forlook you;

Your Soldiers faint are round beset with Enemies,

Nor can you shun your Fate, but by your flight.

Abd. I can, — and must, — in spite of Fate:

The wheel of War shall turn about again,

And dash the Current of his Victories,

This is the Tent I've pitch'd, at distance from the Armies,

To meet the Queen and Cardinal;

Charm'd with the Magick of Dissimulation,

I know by this h'as furl'd his Ensigns up,

And is become a tame and coward As.

— Hark — hark — 'tis done; Oh my enchanting Engine!

— Dost thou not hear Retreat sounded?

Rod. Sure 'tis impossible!

Abd. She has prevail'd; — a Woman's Tongue and Eyes,

Are Forces stronger than Artilleries.

Enter Queen, Cardinal, Women, and Soldiers.

— We are betray'd. —

Qu. What means this Jealousie? lay by your Weapons

And embrace; — the sight of these begets suspicion:

— *Abdelazer*, by my Birth he comes in Peace;

Lord Cardinal, on my Honour so comes he.

Abd. Let him withdraw his Troops, then.

Qu. They're Guards for all our Sateties:

Give me your Hand, Prince Cardinal; — thine, *Abdelazer*;

[*She brings them together, they embrace.*

This

This blest Accord I do behold with Joy.

Card. Abdelazer,

I at the Queens command have met you here,
To know what 'tis you will propose to us.

Abd. Peace and eternal Friendship 'twixt us two:

How much against my will I took up Arms,
Be witness Heav'n; nor was it in Revenge to you,
But to let out th' infected Blood of Philip,
Whose sole aim

Is to be King——which Spain will never suffer;

Spain gave me Education, though not Birth,

Which has intic'd it my Native home,

To which such reverence and esteem I bear,

I will preserve it from the Tyrant's Rage.——

The People who once lov'd him, now abhor him,

And 'tis your power alone that buoys him up;

And when you've lifted him into a Throne,

'Tis time to shake you off.

Card. Whilst I behold him as my Native Prince,

My Honour and Religion bids me serve him;

Yet not when I'm convinc'd that whilst I do so,

I injure Spain.

Abd. If he were so, the Powers above forbid

We shou'd not serve, adore, and fight for him;

But Philip is a Bastard: —— nay, 'twill surprize ye,

But that 'tis truth, the Queen will satisfy you.

Qu. With one bold word he has undone my Honour: [Weeps.

Too bluntly, *Abdelazer*, you repeat

That which by slow degrees you shou'd have utter'd.

Abd. Pardon my roughness, Madam, I meant well.

Card. Philip a Bastard!

If by such Arts you wou'd divide me from him,

I shall suspect you wou'd betray us both.

Qu. Sir, he informs you truth; and I blush less

To own him so, than that he is a Traytor.

Card. Philip a Bastard! Oh it cannot be: ——

Madam, take heed you do not for Revenge,

Barter your dearer Honour, and lose both.

Qu. I know what's due to Honour, and Revenge,

But better what I owe to Spain, and you. ——

You are a Prince oth' Blood, and may put off

The Cardinal when you please, and be a Monarch.

Card. Though my Ambition's equal to my Passion,

Neither shall make me act against those Principles

My Honour ever taught me to obey.

—— And, Madam ——

'Tis a less sin, not to believe you here,

Than 'tis to doubt your Vertue.

Qu. I wish it were untold, if it must forfeit
The least of your Esteem, — but that 'tis truth,
Be witness Heav'n, my Shame, my Sighs, and Tears.

Card. Why, Madam, wasn't so long conceal'd from me?

Qu. The Circumstances I shall at leisure tell you,
And for the present,
Let it suffice, he cannot Rule in *Spain*,
Nor can you side with him, without being made
As much incapable to Reign as he.

Card. Though Love and Honour I have always made
The business of my Life;
My Soul retains too, so much of Ambition,
As puts me still in mind of what I am,
A Prince! and Heir to *Spain*!

Nor shall my blinded Zeal to Loyalty,
Make me that glorious Interest resign,
Since *Philip*'s Claims are not so great as mine.
— Madam, though I'm convinc'd I've done amiss
In taking Arms for *Philip*,
Yet 'twill be difficult to disengage my self.

Abd. Most easily; —
Proclaim it in the head of all your Troops,
The justice of your Cause for leaving him;
And tell 'em, 'tis a Work of Piety
To follow your Example;
The giddy Rout are guided by Religion,
More than by Justice, Reason, or Allegiance.
— The Crown which I as a good Husband keep,
I will lay down upon the empty Throne;
Marry you the Queen, and fill it; — and for me,
I'll ever pay you Duty as a Subject.

Card. On these Conditions all I am is yours;
Philip we cannot fear, all he can do
Is to retire for refuge into *Portugal*.

Abd. That wou'd be dangerous; —
Is there no Arts to get him in our Power?

Card. Perhaps by Policy, and seeming Friendship,
For we have reason yet to fear his Force;
And since I'm satisfi'd he's not my lawful Prince,
I cannot think it an Impiety
To sacrifice him to the Peace of *Spain*,
And every Spirit that loves Liberty;
First we'll our Forces joyn, and make 'em yours,
Then give me your Authority to arrest him;
If so we can surprize him, we'll spare the hazard
Of a second Barrel.

Abd. My Lord, retire into my inner Tent,
And all things shall be instantly perform'd.

[Exeunt all.]

SCENE

SCENE, The Grove.

*Enter some of Philip's Party running over the Stage, pursu'd by Philip:
Alonzo, Sebastian, Antonio, and some few Officers more.*

Alon. Do not pursue 'em, Sir, such Coward Slaves
Deserve not death from that illustrious Hand.

Phil. Eternal Plagues consume 'em in their flight:
Oh this damn'd Coward Cardinal has betray'd us!
When all our Swords were nobly dy'd in Blood,
When with red Sweat that trickled from our Wounds
We'd dearly earn'd the long-disputed Victory,
Than to lose all! then to sound base Retreat!
It swells my Anger up to perfect Madness.

Alon. Indeed 'twas wondrous strange.

Sebast. I'm glad, Sir.

Phil. Art glad of it? art glad we are abandon'd?
That I, and thou have lost the hopefulst Day.

Sebast. Great Sir, I'm glad that you came off alive.

Phil. Thou hast a lean Face — and a carrion Heart —
A Plague upon the Moor and thee; — Oh *Alonzo*,
To run away! — follow'd by all the Army!
Oh I cou'd tear my Hair, and curse my Soul to Air!
— Cardinal — thou Traytor, *Judas*, that wou'dst sell
Thy God again, as thou hast done thy Prince.

— But come — we're yet a few,
And we will fight till there be left but one; —
If I prove him, I'll die a glorious death.

Ant. Yes, but the Cardinal has took pious care
It shall be in our Beds.

Sebast. We are as bad as one already, Sir, for all our Fellows are crawl'd
home, some with ne'er a Leg, others with ne'er an Arm, some with their
Brains beat out, and glad they escap'd so.

Phil. But my dear Countrymen, you'll stick to me.

1 Sold. Ay, wou'd I were well off. —

[*Aside.*]

Phil. Speak stout *Scève*, wilt thou not?

1 Sold. *Scève*, Sir, who's that?

Phil. A gallant *Roman*, that fought by *Cesar's* side,
Till all his Body cover'd o'er with Arrows,
Shew'd like a monstrous Porcupine.

1 Sold. And did he die, Sir?

Phil. He wou'd not but have di'd for *Cesar's* Empire.

1 Sold. Hah, — why, Sir, I'm none of *Scève*, but honest *Diego*, yet
would as willingly die as he, but that I have a Wife and Children; and
if I die, they beg.

Phil. For every drop of Blood which thou shalt lose,
I'll give thy Wife — a Diadem.

1 Sold. Stark mad, as I'm valiant. —

Enter

Enter Card. Officers and Soldiers : Philip offers to run on him, is held by Alonzo.

Phil. Oh Heaven! is not that the Cardinal
 Traitor, how dar'st thou tempt my Rage and Justice?

Card. Your Pardon, Sir, I come in humble Love
 To offer happy Peace.

Phil. Was that thy aim when base Retreat was founded?

Oh thou false Cardinal! — let me go, *Alonzo*, —

Death! offer happy Peace! — no, offer War,

Bring Fire and Sword; — Hell and damnation — Peace!

Oh damn your musty Peace: — No, will you fight, and cry,

Down with the Moor! and then I'll die in peace.

I have a Heart, two Arms, a Soul, a Head,

I'll hazard these, — I can but hazard all.

Come — I will kneel to thee, — and be thy Slave, — *[Kneels.]*

I'll let thee tread on me, do any thing.

So this damn'd Moor may fall. *Card.* Yes, Sir, he shall.

Phil. Gods! shall he! — thy noble Hand upon't,

And for this Promise, take my grateful Heart. *[Embraces him.]*

— Shall *Abdelazer* fall!

Card. Yes, upon thee! —

Like the tall Ruines of a falling Tower, *{ As they embrace, the Guards*

To crush thee into Dust: — *{ seize him and the rest.*

Traitor, and Bastard, I arrest thee of High-Treason.

Phil. Hoh! — Traitor! — and Bastard! — and from thee! *{ They hold Phi-*

Card. Guards, to your Hands the Prisoner is committed, *{ lip's Hand.*

There's your Warrant: — *Alonzo*, you are free. *[Ex. Card.]*

Phil. Prithee lend me one Hand — to wipe my Eyes,

And see who 'tis dares Authorize this Warrant:

— The Devil and his Dam! the Moor! — and Queen!

Their Warrant! — Gods! *Alonzo*, must we obey it?

Villains, you cannot be my Jailors; there's no Prison,

No Dungeon deep enough; no Gate so strong,

To keep a Man confin'd — so mad with wrong.

— Oh dost thou weep, *Alonzo*!

Alon. I wou'd fain shed a Tear,

But from my Eyes so many Show'rs are gone,

They are too poor to pay your Sorrows Tribute;

There's now no remedy, we must to Prison.

Phil. Yes, and from thence to death: —

I thought I should have had a Tomb hung round

With tatter'd Ensigns, broken Spears and Javelins;

And that my Body with a thousand Wounds,

Shou'd have been born on some Triumphant Chariot,

With solemn Mourning, Drums and Trumpets sounding;

Whilst all the wondring World with Grief and Envy,

Had wish'd my glorious Destiny their own:

But now, *Alonzo*, — like a Beast I fall,

And hardly Pity waits my Funeral. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Presence Chamber, with a Throne and Canopy.

Enter Abdelazer, Cardinal, Alonzo, Ordonio, Roderigo, and other Lords, one bearing the Crown, which is laid on the Table on a Cushion; the Queen, Leonora, and Ladies. They all seat themselves, leaving the Throne and Chair of State empty. Abdelazer rises and bows, Roderigo kneeling presents him with the Crown.

Abd. **G**Randeas of Spain, if in this Royal Presence
There breathes a Man, who having laid his hold
So fast on such a Jewel, and dares wear it
In the contempt of Envy, as I dare;
Yet uncompell'd (as freely as the Gods
Bestow their Blessings) would give such Wealth away,
Let such a Man stand forth: — Are ye all fix'd?
No wonder, since a King's a Deity!

And who'd not be a God! —
This glorious Prospect, when I first saw the Light,
Met with my Infant hopes; nor have those Fetters
(Which ere I grew towards Man, Spain taught me how to wear)
Made me forget what's due to that Illustrious Birth;
— Yet thus — I cast aside the Rays of Majesty, —
And on my Knee, do humbly offer up
This splendid powerful thing, and ease your fears
Of Usurpation and of Tyranny.

{Kneels, and lays the
Crown on the Table.

Alon. What new device is this?

[Aside.

Card. This is an Action generous and just; —
Let us proceed to new Election.

Abd. Stay, Peers of Spain. —

If young Prince Philip be King Philip's Son,
Then is he Heir to Philip, and his Crown;
But if a Bastard, then he is a Rebel,
And as a Traytor to the Crown thou'd bleed:
That dangerous Popular Spirit must be laid,
Or Spain must languish under Civil Swords;
And Portugal taking Advantages in these Disorders,
(Assisted by the Male-content within,
If Philip live) will bring Confusion home.
— Our remedy for this, is first to prove,
And then proclaim him Bastard.

Alon. That Project would be worth your Politicks. [Aside.

— How should we prove him Bastard?

Abd. Her Majesty being lately urg'd by Conscience,
And much above her Honour prizing Spain,
Declar'd this Secret, but has not nam'd the Man;
If he be Noble, and a Spaniard born,
He shall repair her Fame, by marrying her.

Card. No; *Spaniard*, or *Moor*, the daring Slave shall die.

Qu. Wou'd I were cover'd with a Veil of Night,
That I might hide the Blushes on my Cheeks;
But when your Safety comes into dispute,
My Honour, nor my Life, must come in competition.

— I'll therefore hide my Eyes, and blushing own,
That *Philip's* Father is ith' Presence now.

Alon. Ith' Presence! name him.

Qu. The Cardinal. ——— [All rise in amazement.

Card. How's this, Madam! *Abd.* How! the Cardinal!

Card. I *Philip's* Father, Madam.

Qu. Dull Lover — is not all this done for thee!

Dost thou not see a Kingdom and my self,
By this Confession, thrown into thy Arms?

Card. On terms so infamous I must despise it.

Qu. Have I thrown by all Sense and Modesty,
To render you the Master of my Bed,
To be refus'd? — was there any another way?

Card. I cannot yield; this Cruelty transcends
All you have ever done me: — Heavens! what a contest
Of Love, and Honour, swells my rising Heart.

Qu. By all my Love, if you refuse me now,
Now when I have remov'd all Difficulties,
I'll be reveng'd a thousand killing ways.

Card. Madam, I cannot own so false a thing,
My Conscience and Religion will not suffer me.

Qu. Away with all this Canting; Conscience, and Religion!
No, take Advice from nothing but from Love.

Card. 'Tis certain I'm bewitch'd; — she has a Spell
Hid in those charming Lips.

Alon. Prince Cardinal, what say you to this?

Card. I cannot bring it forth.

Qu. Do't, or thou'rt lost for ever.

Card. Death! what's a Womans Power!
And yet I can resist it.

Qu. And dare you disobey me?

Card. Is't not enough I've given you up my Power,
Nay, and resign'd my Life into your Hands,
But you wou'd damn me too? — I will not yield.

Oh now I find a very Hell within me:
How am I misguided by my Passion!

Alon. Sir, we attend your Answer.

Qu. 'Tis now near twenty Years, when newly married,
(And 'tis the Custom here to marry young)

King *Philip* made a War in *Barbary*.

Won *Tunis*, conquer'd *Fez*, and hand to hand
Slew great *Abdela*, King of *Fez*, and Father
To this Barbarian Prince.

Abd. I was but young, and yet I well remember
My Father's Wounds, — poor *Barbary*; — but no more.

Qu. In absence of my King, I liv'd retir'd,
Shut up in my Apartment with my Women,
Suffering no Visits, but the Cardinals,
To whom the King had left me as his Charge;
But he unworthy of that Trust repos'd,
Soon turn'd his business into Love.

Card. Heavens! how will this Story end? [*Aside.*]

Qu. A Tale, alas! unpleasant to my Ear,
And for the which I banish'd him my Presence:
But oh the power of Gold! he bribes my Women,
That they should tell me (as a Secret to)
The King (whose Wars were finish'd) would return
Without acquainting any with the time;
He being as jealous, as I was fair and young,
Meant to surprize me in the dead of Night:
This pass'd upon my Youth, which ne'er knew Art.

Card. Gods! is there any Hell but Womans fallhood! [*Aside.*]

Qu. The following Night, I hasted to my Bed,
To wait my expected Bliss; — nor was it long
Before his gentle steps approach'd my Ears:
Undress'd he came, and with a vigorous haste
Flew to my yielding Arms; I call'd him King!
My dear lov'd Lord! and in return he breath'd
Into my Bosom in soft gentle Whispers —
My Queen! my Angel! my lov'd *Isabella*!
And at that word — I need not tell the rest.

Alon. What's all this, Madam, to the Cardinal?

Qu. Ah, Sir, the night too short for his Caresses,
Made room for day, day that betray'd my shame,
For in my guilty Arms, I found the Cardinal!

Alon. Madam, why did not you complain of this?

Qu. Alas, I was but young, and full of fears;
Bashful, and doubtful of a just belief,
Knowing King *Philip's* rash and jealous Temper;
But from your Justice I expect Revenge.

Rod. His Crime, my Lords, is death, by all our Laws.

Card. Have you betray'd me by my too much Faith?
Oh shameless Creature, am I disarm'd for this?
Had I but so much ease to be inrag'd,
Sure I shou'd kill thee for this Treachery;
But I'm all shame, and grief. — By all that's Holy,
My Lords, I never did commit this Crime.

Abd. 'Tis but in vain, Prince Cardinal, to deny 'it.

Qu. Do not believe him, Lords; —
Revenge — let Sentence pass upon the Traytor.

Card. I own that name with horror, which you drew me to,

When I betray'd the best of Men, and Princes ;
 And 'tis but just you fit me for Despairs,
 That may instruct me how to follow him in Death :
 Yet as I'm Prince oth' Blood, and Cardinal too,
 You cannot be my Judges.

Abd. You shall be tri'd, Sir, as becomes your Quality.
Ofmin. we commit the Cardinal to your Charge.

Card. Heaven ! should I live to that ! no,
 I have within me a private Shame,
 That shall secure me from the publick one.

Alon. A pretty turn of State,— we shall all follow, Sir.

Card. The Powers above are just,
 Thus I my Prince a Sacrifice first made,
 And now my self am on the Altar laid.

[*Ex. Card. guarded.*]

Abd. Madam, retire, you've acted so Divinely,
 You've fill'd my Soul with new admiring Passion ;
 I'll wait on you in your Apartment instantly,
 And at your Feet pay all my Thanks, and Love.

Qu. Make haste, my dearest Moor, whilst I retire,
 And fit my Soul, to meet thy kind Desire.

[*Ex. Qu. and her Train, Leon. advancing to follow is staid by Abd.*]

Abd. Stay, beauteous Maid, stay and receive that Crown, {
 Which as your due Heav'n and all Spain present you with. {
 Leads her back.

Alon. But granting *Philip* is— that thing you call him,
 If we must grant him so, who then shall Reign ?

Not that we do not know who ought to Reign,
 But ask who 'tis you will permit to do so.

[*To Abd.*]

Abd. Who but bright *Leonora* ! the Royal Off-spring
 Of Noble *Philip*, whole Innocence and Beauty,
 Without th' advantage of her Glorious Birth,
 Merits all Adoration.

Al. With Joy we do salute her Queen.

Abd. Live *Leonora* ! beauteous Queen of Spain !

[*Shout.*]

Alon. From *Abdelazer* this ! it cannot be,
 At least not real.

[*Aside.*]

Abd. My Lords,
 Be it now your Care magnificently to provide
 Both for the Coronation, and the Marriage
 Of the fair Queen ;

Let nothing be omitted that may shew
 How we can pay, where we so vastly owe.

[*Bow's.*]

Alon. I am much bound to *Spain*, and you, my Lords,
 For this great Condescension.

Leon. My Lords, I thank ye all,
 And most the gallant Moor : — I am not well —
 Something furrounds my Heart so full of death,
 I must retire to give my Sorrow breath.

[*Turns to Alon.*]

[*Ex. Leon. follow'd by all but Abd. and Rod. who looks on Abd.*
Rod.]

Rod. Sir, — what have you done?

Abd. What every Man that loves like me shou'd do;
Undone my self for ever, to beget
One moments thought in her, that I adore her;
That she may know, none ever lov'd like me,
I've thrown away the Diadem of *Spain* : —

— 'Tis gone! and there's no more to set but this —
(*My Heart*) at all, and at this one last cast
Sweep up my former losses, or be undone.

Rod. You Court at a vast rate, Sir,

Abd. Oh she's a Goddess! a Creature made by Heaven!
To make my prosperous Toils, all sweet and charming!
She must be Queen, I, and the Gods decree it.

Rod. Sir, is she not design'd *Alonzo's* Bride?

Abd. Yes, so her self, and he have ill agreed;
But Heaven and I, am of another mind,
And must be first obey'd.

Rod. *Alonzo* will not yield his Interest easily.

Abd. Wou'd that were all my stop to Happiness; —
But *Roderigo*, this fond amorous Queen
Sits heavy on my Heart.

Rod. She's but a Woman, nor has more Lives than one.

Abd. True, *Roderigo*, and thou hast dealt in Murders,
And know'st the safest way to. — *Rod.* How, Sir! —

Abd. Thou dar'st not sure pretend to any Vertue;
Had Hell inspir'd thee with less Excellency
Than Arts of killing Kings! thou'dst ne'er been rais'd
To that exalted height: t' have known my Secrets.

Rod. But, Sir, —

Abd. Slave, look back upon the Wretchedness I took thee from,
What Merits hadst thou to deserve my Bounty?
But Vice, brave prosperous Vice!
Thou'rt neither Wise, nor Valiant.

Rod. I own my self that Creature rais'd by you,
And live but to repay you, name the way,

Abd. My business is. — to have the Queen remov'd;
She does expect my coming this very hour,
And when she does so, 'tis her custom to be retir'd,
Dismissing all Attendance, but *Elvira*.

Rod. The rest, I need not be instructed in. [Exit Rod.]

Enter Osmín,

Osm. The Cardinal, Sir, is close confin'd with *Philip*.

Abd. 'Tis well.

Osm. And do you think it fit, Sir, they shou'd live?

Abd. No, this day they both must die, some sort of death
That may be thought was given them by themselves:
I'm sure I give them cause. — *Osmín*, view well this Ring,
Whoever brings this Token to your Hands,

Without considering Sex, or Quality,
Let 'em be kill'd.

Oj. m. Your will shall be obey'd in every thing. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE, *A fine Chamber. A Table and Chair.*

Enter Queen and Elvira.

Qu. Elvira, hast thou dress'd my Lodgings up
Fit to receive my Moor?

Are they all gay, as Altars, when some Monarch
Is there to offer up rich Sacrifices?

Hast thou strew'd all the Floor his Feet must press,
With the soft new-born Beauties of the Spring?

Elv. Madam, I've done as you commanded me.

Qu. Let all the Chambers too be fill'd with Lights;
There's a Solemnity methinks in Night,
That does insinuate Love into the Soul!
And makes the bashful Lover more assur'd.

Elv. Madam,
You speak as if this were your first Enjoyment.

Qu. My first! Oh *Elvira*, his Power, like his Charms,
His Wit, or Bravery! every hour renews:
Love gathers sweets like Flow'rs, which grow more fragrant
The nearer they approach maturity. [Knock.]

— Hark! 'tis my Moor, — give him admittance straight.
The thought comes o'er me like a gentle Gale,
Raising my blood into a thousand curls.

Elv. Madam, it is a Priest. —

Qu. A Priest! oh send him quickly hence;
I wou'd not have so cold, and dull an Object,
Meet with my nobler Sense, 'tis mortifying.

Elv. Perhaps 'tis some Petition from the Cardinal.

Qu. Why, what have I to do with Priest or Cardinal?

Let him not enter. —

Elv. From *Abdelazer*, Madam.

Qu. Has nam'd a word will make all places free.

Rod. Madam, be pleas'd to send your Woman hence,
I've something to deliver from the Moor,
Which you alone must be acquainted with.

Qu. Well, your Formality shall be allow'd; — retire — [To Elv.]

Rod. This —

Qu. Hah —

Qu. What daring thing art thou?

Rod. One that has now no time to answer thee.

Qu. Oh hold thy killing Hand! I am thy Queen.

Rod. Thou maist be Devil too, for ought I know;

I'll try thy substance thus. —

Qu. Oh *Abdelazer* —

[Stabs again,

Thou

Thou hast well reveng'd me— on my sins of Love; — *{ He seats her in
But shall I die thus tamely unreveng'd? — the Chair.*

— Help— murder— help— *[He offers to stab again.]*

Enter Elvira, and other Women.

Elv. Oh Heavens! the Queen is murder'd! — help the Queen!

[Rod. offers to stab Elv.]

Enter Abdelazer.

Abd. Hah! the Queen! what Sacrilegious Hand,
Or Heart so Brutal—

Durst thus prophane the Shrine ador'd by me!

Guard well the Passages. —

Qu. Thou art that Sacrilegious — Brutal thing, —
And false as are the Deities thou worship'st.

Abd. Gods! let me not understand that killing Language!
— Inform me quickly, how you came thus wounded,
Lest looking on that Sacred stream of Blood,
I die ere I've reveng'd you, on your Murderer.

Qu. Hasten then, and kill thy self; thou art my Murderer:
Nor had his Hand, if not by thee instructed,
Aim'd at a Sin so dangerous. —

Abd. — Surely she'll live. — *[Aside.]* — This! —
Can Mischief dwell beneath this Reverend shape?
Confess who taught thee so much Cruelty!
Confess! or I will kill thee. —

Rod. The Cardinal.

Qu. The Cardinal.

Abd. The Cardinal! — Oh impious Traytor! —
How came I mention'd then? *Rod.* To get admittance.

Abd. But why do I delay thy Punishment?

Die, — and be damn'd together. — *[Aside.]* *[Stabs him.]*

— But oh my Queen! — *Elvira,* — call for help!

Have I remov'd all that oppos'd our Flame, *[Kneels.]*

To have it thus blown out? thus in a minute!

When I, all full of youthful Fire! all Love!

Had rais'd my Soul with hopes of near Delights,

— To meet thee cold, — and pale; — to find those Eyes,

Those Charming Eyes thus dying; — Oh ye Powers! —

Take all the prospect of my future Joys,

And turn it to Despair, — since thou art gone. —

Qu. Cease— cease— your kind Complaints, — my struggling Soul,
'Twixt Death— and Love— holds an uneasy Contest;

This will not let it stay, — nor that depart; —

And whilst I hear thy Voice— thus breathing Love,

It hovers still— about— the grateful— sound.

— My Eyes— have took— an everlasting leave—

Of all that blest their Sight, and now a gloomy Darkness

Benights the wishing Sense, — that vainly strives—

To take another view; — but 'tis too late, —

And Life— and Love— must yield— to Death— and — Fate. *[Dies.]*

Abd.

Abd. Farewell my greatest Plague ———— *[He rises with joy.]*
 Thou wert a most impolitrick loving thing,
 And having done my bus'ness which thou wert born for,
 'Twas time thou shou'dst retire,
 And leave me free to Love, and Reign alone.

Enter Leonora, Alonzo, Ordonio, and other Men and Women.
 — Come all the World, and pay your Sorrows here,
 Since all the World has Interest in this loss.

Alon. The Moor in Tears! nay, then the Sin was his.

Leon. The Queen my Mother dead!
 How many Sorrows will my Heart let in,
 Ere it will break in pieces! *[Weeps over her.]*

Alon. I know the source of all this Villany,
 And need not ask you how the Queen came murder'd.

Elv. My Lord, that Frier, from the Cardinal did it.

Alon. The Cardinal! ————

'Tis possible, — for the Injuries she did him
 Cou'd be repaid with nothing less than death. } *Aside.*

— My Fair, your Grievs have been so just of late,
 I dare not beg that you would weep no more;
 Though every Tear those lovely Eyes let fall,
 Give me a killing Wound: — remove the Body, *{ Guards remove the Body.*
 Such Objects suit not Souls so soft as thine. *{ Ex. all but Alo. and Leo.*

Leon. With Horrors I am grown of late familiar;
 I saw my Father die, and liv'd the while;
 I saw my beauteous Friend, and thy lov'd Sister,
Florella, whilst her Breast was bleeding fresh;
 Nay, and my Brother's too, all full of Wounds!
 The best and kindest Brother, that ever Maid was blest with,
 Poor *Philip* bound, and led like Victims for a Sacrifice:
 All this I saw, and liv'd ————

And canst thou hope for pity from that Heart,
 Whose hardned sense is proof 'gainst all these miseries?

— This Moor *Alonzo*, is a subtle Villain,
 Yet of such Power, we scarce dare think him such.

Alon. 'Tis true, my charming Fair, he is that Villain,
 As ill, and powerful too; yet he has a Heart
 That may be reach'd with this, — but 'tis not time, *[Points to his Sword.]*
 We must dissemble yet, which is an Art
 Too foul for Souls so Innocent as thine.

Enter Abdelazer.

— The Moor!
 Hell! will he not allow us sorrowing time?

Abd. Madam, I come to pay my humblest Duty,
 And know what Service you command your Slave.

Leon. Alas, I've no Commands; or if I had,
 I am too wretched now to be obey'd.

Abd. Can one so fair, and great, ask any thing
 Of Men, or Heaven, they wou'd not grant with Joy?

Leon.

Leon. Heav'n's will I'm not permitted to dispute,
And may implore in vain ; but 'tis in you
To grant me what may yet preserve my life.

Abd. In me ! in me ! the humblest of your Creatures !
By yon bright Sun, or your more splendid Eyes,
I wou'd devest my Soul of every hope,
To gratifie one single wish of yours ;
—— Name but the way. ———

Leon. I am so unhappy, that the only thing
I have to ask, is what you must deny ;

—— The Liberty of *Philip*. ———

Abd. How ! *Philip's* Liberty ! —— and must I grant it !
I (in whose Hands Fortune had put the Crown)
Had I not lov'd the good and Peace of *Spain*,
Might have dispos'd it to my own Advantage ;
And shall that Peace,
Which I've preferr'd above my proper Glories,
Be lost again in him, in him a Bastard !

Alon. That he's a Bastard, is not, Sir, believ'd ;
And she that cou'd love you, might after that
Do any other Sin, and 'twas the least
Of all the number to declare him Bastard.

Abd. How, Sir ! that cou'd love me ! what is there here —
Or in my Soul, or Person, may not be below'd ?

Alon. I spoke without reflection on your Person,
But of dishonest Love, which was too plain,
From whence came all the Ills we have endur'd ;
And now being warm in Mischiefs,
Thou dost pursue the Game, till all be thine.

Abd. Mine !

Alon. Yes, thine ; ———

The little humble Mask which you put on
Upon the Face of Falshood, and Ambition,
Is easily seen through ; you gav'd a Crown !
But you'll command the Kingly Power still,
Arm, and disband, destroy or save at pleasure.

Abd. Vain Boy, (whose highest Fame,
Is that thou art the great *Alvaro's* Son)
Where learnt you so much daring, to upbraid
My generous Power thus falsely ? —— do you know me ?

Alon. Yes, Prince, and 'tis that knowledge makes me dare ;
I know thy Fame in Arms ; I know in Battels
Thou hast perform'd deeds much above thy years :
My Infant Courage too,

(By the same Master taught) grew up to thine,
When thou in Age out-didst me, not in Bravery.

— I know thou'lt greater Power too, — thank thy Treachery !

Abd. Dost thou not fear that Power ?

Alon. By Heaven not I,

Whilst I can this — command.

Abd. I too command a Sword,
But not to draw on thee; *Alonzo*;
Since I can prove thy Accusations false
By ways more grateful: — take this Ring, *Alonzo*,
The sight of it will break down Prison Gates,
And set all free, as was the first born Man.

[Lays his Hand on his Sword.

{ *Abd.* lays his Hand on his,
} and comes close up to him.

Alon. What means this turn? *

Abd. To enlarge *Philip*; but on such Conditions,
As you think fit to make for my security:
And as thou'rt Brave, deal with me as I merit.

Alon. Art thou in earnest? *Abd.* I am, by all that's Sacred.

Leon. Oh let me fall before you, and ne'er rise,
Till I have made you know what Gratitude

Is fit for such a Bounty! —

Haste, my *Alonzo*, — haste — and treat with *Philip*;
Nor do I wish his freedom, but on such terms
As may be advantageous to the Moor.

Alon. Nor I, by Heaven! I know the Prince's Soul,
Though it be fierce, 't has Gratitude and Honour!
And for a deed like this, will make returns,

Such as are worthy of the brave Obliger.

[Exit *Alon.*

Abd. Yes, if he be not gone to Heaven before you come.
— What will become of *Abdelazer* now?

[Aside.

Who with his Power, has thrown away his Liberty.

Leon. Your Liberty! Oh Heaven forbid that you,
Who can so generously give Liberty,
Should be depriv'd of it!

It must not be whilst *Leonora* lives.

Abd. 'Tis she that takes it from me.

Leon. I! Alas, I wou'd not for the World
Give you one minutes pain.

Abd. You cannot help it, 'tis against your will!
Your Eyes insensibly do wound and kill!

Leon. What can you mean? and yet I fear to know.

Abd. Most charming of your Sex! had Nature made
This clouded Face, like to my Heart, all Love,
It might have spar'd that Language which you dread;
Whole rough harsh sound, unfit for tender Ears,
Will ill express the business of my Life.

Leon. Forbear it, if that business, Sir, be Love.

Abd. Gods!

Because I want the Art to tell my story
In that soft way, which those can do whose business
Is to be still so idly employ'd,
I must be silent, and endure my pain;
Which Heaven ne'er gave me so much tameness for.
Love in my Soul! is not that gentle thing

It is in other Breasts ; instead of Calms,
 It ruffles mine into uneasie Storms.
 — I wou'd not love, if I cou'd help it, Madam ;
 But since 'tis not to be relisted here —
 You must permit it to approach your Ear.

Leon. Not when I cannot hear it, Sir, with Honour.

Abd. With Honour !

Nay, I can talk in the defence of that :
 By all that's Sacred, 'tis a Flame as Vertuous,
 As every Thought inhabits your fair Soul,
 And it shall learn to be as gentle too ;
 — For I must merit you. —

Leon. I will not hear this Language ! merit me !

Abd. Yes, — why not ?

You're but the Daughter of the King of *Spain*,
 And I am Heir to Great *Abdela*, Madam,
 I can command this Kingdom you possess,
 (Of which my Passion only made you Queen)
 And re-assume that which your Father took
 From mine, — a Crown as bright as that of *Spain*.

Leon. You said you wou'd be gentle. —

Ab. I will ! this len Heart shall learn to bow,
 And keep it self within the bounds of Love ;
 Its Language I'll deliver out in Sighs,
 Soft as the Whispers of a yielding Virgin.
 I cou'd transform my Soul to any shape ;
 Nay, I could even teach my Eyes the Art
 To change their natural fierceness into smiles !

— What is't I wou'd not do to gain that Heart !

Leon. Which never can be yours ! that and my Vows,
 Are to *Alonzo* given ; which he lays claim to
 By the most sacred Ties, Love and Obedience ;
 All *Spain* esteems him worthy of that Love.

Abd. More worthy it than I ! it was a Woman,
 A nice, vain, peevish Creature that pronounc'd it ;
 Had it been Man, 't had been his last transgression !

— His Birth ! his glorious Actions ! are they like mine ?

Leon. Perhaps his Birth wants those advantages,
 Which Nature has laid out in Beauty on his Person.

Abd. Ay ! there's your cause of hate ! Curst be my Birth,
 And curst be Nature, that has dy'd my Skin
 With this ungrateful Colour ! cou'd not the Gods
 Have given me equal Beauty with *Alonzo* !

— Yet as I am, I've been in vain ador'd,
 And Beauties great as thine have languish'd for me.
 The Lights put out ! thou in my naked Arms
 Wilt find me soft and smooth as polish'd Ebony ;
 And all my kisses on thy balmy Lips as sweet,

As are the Breezes, breath'd amidst the Groves;
Of ripening Spices in the height of Day:

As vigorous too,

As if each Night were the first happy moment

I laid thy panting Body to my Bosom.

Oh that transporting Thought! ———

See, — I can bend as low, and sigh as often,

[Kneels.

And sue for Blessings only you can grant,

As any fair and soft *Alonzo* can; —

If you could pity me as well. ———

But you are deaf, and in your Eyes I read

[Rises with Anger.

A scorn which animates my Love and Anger;

Nor know I which I should dismiss or cherish.

Leon. The last is much more welcome than the first;

Your Anger can but kill, but, Sir, your Love ———

Will make me ever wretched, since 'tis impossible

I ever can return it.

Abd. Why kill me then! you must do one or t'other,

[Kneels.

For thus — I cannot live: — why dost thou weep?

Thy every Tear's enough to drown my Soul!

How tame Love renders every feeble Sense!

[Rises.

— Gods! I shall turn Woman, and my Eyes inform me

The Transformation's near: — death! I'll not endure it,

I'll fly before sh's quite undone my Soul. ———

[Offers to go.

But 'tis not in my power, — she holds it fast, —

And I can now command no single part. ———

[Returns.

Tell me, bright Maid, — if I were amiable,

And you were uningag'd, cou'd you then love me?

Leon. No! I cou'd die first.

Abd. Hah! — awake my Soul from out this drowfie fit,

And with thy wonted Bravery, scorn thy Fetters.

— By Heaven 'tis gone! and I am now my self: —

Be gone, my dull Submission! my lazy Flame

Grows sensible! and knows for what 'twas kindled.

— Coy Mistress, you must yield, and quickly too:

Were you devout as Vestals, pure as their Fire,

Yet I wou'd wanton in the rifled spoils

Of all that sacred Innocence and Beauty.

— Oh my Desires grow high!

Raging as midnight Flames let loose in Cities,

And, like that too will ruine where it lights.

— Come, — this Apartment was design'd for Pleasure,

And made thus silent, and thus gay for me;

There I'll convince that Error, that vainly made thee think

I was not meant for Love. ———

Leon. Am I betray'd! are all my Women gone!

And have I nought but Heaven for my defence!

Abd. None else, and that's too distant to befriend you.

Leon.

Leon. Oh take my Life, and spare my dearer Honour!
— Help! help! — ye Powers that favour Innocence.

[Enter Women.

Just as the Moor is going to force in Leonora, enters to him
Osmín in haste.

Osm. My Lord, Alonzo. —

Abd. What of him, you Slave, — is he not secur'd?
Speak, dull Intruder, that know'st not times and seasons,
Or get thee hence.

Osm. Nor till I've done the business which I came for.

Abd. Slave! — that — thou can'st for. [Stabs him in the Arm.

Osm. No, 'twas to tell you, that Alonzo,
Finding himself betray'd, made brave resistance;
Some of your Slaves has kill'd, and some has wounded.

Abd. 'Tis time he were secur'd;
I must assist my Guards, or all is lost. [Exit.

Leon. Sure Osmín from the Gods thou can'st,
To hinder my undoing; and if thou di'st,
Heaven will almost forgive thy other Sins,
For this one Pious deed! —
But yet I hope thy Wound's not mortal.

Osm. 'Tis only in my Arm; — and, Madam, for this pity,
I'll live to do you Service.

Leon. What Service can the Favourite of the Moor,
Train'd up in Blood and Mischiefs, render me?

Osm. Why, Madam, I command the Guard of Moors,
Who will all die, when e'er I give the word.

— Madam, 'twas I caus'd Philip and the Cardinal
To fly to th' Camp,
And gave 'em warning of approaching death.

Leon. Heaven blefs thee for thy Goodness.

Osm. And I am weary now of being a Tyrant's Slave,
And bearing Blows too; the rest I cou'd have suffer'd.

— Madam, I'll free the Prince!

But see, the Moor returns. —

Leon. That Monsters presence I must fly, as from a killing Plague.

[Ex. with her Women.

Enter Abdelazer, with Zarrack and a Train of Moors.

Abd. It is Prodigious, that a single Man
Should with such Bravery defend his Life,
Amongst so many Swords; — but he is safe.

Osmín, I am not us'd to sue for Pardon,
And when I do, you ought to grant it me.

Osm. I did not merit, Sir, so harsh a usage.

Abd. No more, I am ashamed to be upbraided,
And will repair the Injury I did thee.

Osm. Acknowledgment from you is pay sufficient.

Abd. Yet Osmín, I shou'd chide your Negligence,

Since by it *Philip* lives still, and the Cardinal

Osm. I had design'd it, Sir, this Evening's Sacrifice.

Abd. *Zarrack* shall now perform it;— and instantly:
Alonzo too must bear 'em company.

Zar. I'll shew my Duty in my haste, my Lord.

[Exit *Zar.*

Osm. Death! I'm undone; — I'll after him, and kill him. [Offers to go.

Abd. *Osm.* I've business with you. — [Osm. comes back bowing.

As they are going off, enter *Leonora*, *Ordonio*,

other Lords, and Women.

Leon. Oh Prince! for pity hear and grant my Suit.

[Kneels.

Abd. When so much Beauty's prostrate at my Feet,
What is't I can deny? — rise, thou brightest Virgin

That ever Nature made;

Rise, and command my Life, my Soul, my Honour!

Leon. No, let me hang for ever on your Knees,

Unless you'll grant *Alonzo* liberty.

Abd. Rise, I will grant it; though *Alonzo*, Madam,

Betray'd that Trust I had repos'd in him.

Leon. I know there's some mistake; let me negotiate

Between my Brother, and the gallant Moor.

I cannot force your Guards,

There is no danger in a Woman's Arm.

Abd. In your bright Eyes there is, that may corrupt 'em more,

Than all the Treasures of the Eastern Kings.

Yet, Madam, here I do resign my Power,

As you please, dismiss *Alonzo's* Chains.

And since you are so generous, to despise

This Crown, which I have given you,

Philip shall owe his Greatness to your Bounty,

And whilst he makes me safe, shall Rule in Spain.

— *Osm.* —

[Whispers.

Ord. And will you trust him, Madam!

Leon. If he deceive me, 'tis more happy far
To die with them, than live where he inhabits.

Osm. It shall be done. —

Abd. Go, *Osm.* wait upon the Queen: —

And when she is confin'd, I'll visit her,

Where if she yield, she reigns; if not, she dies. }

Aside.

[Ex. *Abd.* one way, *Leon.* *Osm.* and the rest another.

SCENE, A Prison.

Discovers *Philip* chain'd to a Post, and over against him the
Cardinal and *Alonzo* in Chains.

Phil. Oh all ye cruel Powers! is't not enough

I am depriv'd of Empire, and of Honour!

Have my bright Name stoln from me, with my Crown!

Divest'd of all Power! all Liberty!

And

And here am chain'd, like the sad *Andromeda*,
To wait destruction from the dreadful Monster!
Is not all this enough without being damn'd,
To have thee, Cardinal, in my full view!
If I cou'd reach my Eyes, I'd be reveng'd
On the officious and accursed Lights,
For guiding so much torment to my Soul.

Card. My much wrong'd Prince! you need not wish to kill
By ways more certain, than by upbraiding me
With my too credulous, shameful past misdeeds.

Phil. If that wou'd kill, I'd weary out my Tongue
With an eternal repetition of thy Treachery; —
Nay, and it shou'd forget all other Language,
But Traytor! Cardinal! which I wou'd repeat,
Till I had made my self as raging mad,
As the wild Sea, when all the Winds are up!
And in that Storm, I might forget my Grief.

Card. Wou'd I cou'd take the killing Object from your Eyes.

Phil. Oh *Alonso*, to add to my distraction
Must I find thee a sharer in my Fate!

Alon. It is my Duty, Sir, to die with you. —
But, Sir, my Princess
Has here — a more than equal claim to Grief;
And fear for her dear Safety, will deprive me
Of this poor Life, that shou'd have been your Sacrifice.

Enter Zarrack with a Dagger; gazes on Philip.

Phil. Kind Murderer, welcome! quickly free my Soul!
And I will kiss the sooty Hand that wounds me.

Zar. Oh, I see you can be humble.

Phil. Humble! I'll be as gentle as a Love-sick Youth,
When his dear Conqueress sighs a hope into him,
If thou wilt kill me! — Pity me, and kill me.

Zar. I hope to see your own Hand do that office.

Phil. Oh thou wert brave indeed,
If thou wou'dst lend me but the use of one!

Zar. You'll want a Dagger then.

Phil. By Heaven no, I'd run it down my Throat,
Or strike my pointed Fingers through my Breast.

Zar. Ha, ha, ha, what pity 'tis you want a Hand.

Enter Osmin.

Phil. *Osmin*! sure thou wilt be so kind to kill me!
Thou hadst a Soul was humane.

Osmin. Indeed I will not, Sir, you are my King!

[Unbinds him.]

Phil. What mean'st thou?

Osmin. To set you free, my Prince!

Phil. Thou art some Angel face, in that dark Cloud.

Zar. What mean'st thou, Traytor!

Osmin. Wait till your Eyes inform you.

Card.

Card. Good Gods! what mean'st thou!

Osmin. Sir, arm your Hand with this.

Zar. Thou art half damn'd for this!

{ Gives Phil. a Sword, goes
to undo Alonzo.

I'll to my Prince! —

Phil. I'll stop you on your way, — lie there; — your Tongue [kills him.
Shall tell no Tales to day: — Now Cardinal — but hold,

I scorn to strike thee whilst thou art unarm'd,

Yet so thou didst to me;

For which I have not leisure now to kill thee.

— Here, take thy liberty; — nay, do not thank me,

By Heaven I do not mean it as a Grace.

Osmin. My Lord, take this; —

And this — to arm your Highness.

{ To Alon. and
the Card.

Alon. Thou dost amaze me!

Osmin. Keep in your wonder with your doubts, my Lord.

Phil. We cannot doubt, whilst we're thus fortifi'd —

Come *Osmin*, let us fall upon the Guards.

{ Looking on
his Sword.

Osmin. There are no Guards, Great Sir, but what are yours;

And see — your Friend I've brought to serve ye too. [Opens a back Door.

Enter Leonora and Women, Ordonio, Sebastian, Antonio, &c.

Phil. My dearest Sister safe!

Leon. Whilst in your presence, Sir, and you thus arm'd.

Osmin. The Moor approaches, — now be ready all.

Phil. That name I never heard with Joy till now;

Let him come on, and arm'd with all his Powers,

Thus singly I defy him.

[Draws.

Enter Abdelazer.

{ Osmin secures
the Door.

Abd. Hah! betray'd! and by my Slaves! by *Osmin* too!

Phil. Now thou damn'd Villain! true born Son of Hell!

Not one of thy Infernal Kin shall save thee.

Abd. Base Coward, Prince!

Whom the admiring World mistakes for Brave;

When all thy boasted Valour, fierce and hot

As was thy Mother in her height of Lust,

Can with the aid of all these — treacherous Swords

Take but a single life! — but such a life,

As amongst all their store the envying Gods

Has not another such to breathe in Man.

Phil. Vaunt on, thou monstrous Instrument of Hell!

For I'm so pleas'd to have thee in my Power,

That I can hear thee number up thy Sins,

And yet be calm, whilst thou art near damnation:

Abd. Thou ly'st, thou canst not keep thy Temper in;

For hadst thou so much Bravery of Mind,

Thou'dst fight me singly; which thou dar'st not do.

Phil. Not dare!

By Heaven if thou wert twenty Villains more,
And I had all thy weight of Sins about me,
I durst thus venture on: ——— forbear, *Alonso*.

Alon. I will not, Sir.

Phil. I was indeed too rash; 'tis such a Villain,
As thou'd receive his death from nought but Slaves.

Abd. Thou'st reason, Prince! nor can they wound my Body,
More than I've done thy Fame; for my first step
To my Revenge, I whor'd the Queen thy Mother.

Phil. Death! though this I knew before, yet the hard word
Runs harshly through my Heart; ———

If thou hadst murder'd fifty Royal *Ferdinands*,
And with inglorious Chains as many years
Had loaded all my Limbs, 't had been more pardonable
Than this eternal stain upon my Name:

—— Oh thou hast breath'd thy worst of Venom now.

Abd. My next advance, was poisoning of thy Father.

Phil. My Father poison'd! and by thee! thou Dog,
Oh that thou hadst a thousand Lives to lose,
Or that the World depended on thy single one,
That I might make a Victim
Worthy to offer up to his wrong'd Ghost. ———
But stay, ——— there's something in thy count of Sins untold,
That I must know; not that I doubt, by Heaven,
That I am *Philip's* Son. ———

Abd. Not for thy Ease, but to declare my Malice,
Know Prince, I made thy amorous Mother
Proclaim thee Bastard, when I miss'd of killing thee.

Phil. Gods! let me contain my Rage!

Abd. I made her too, betray the credulous Cardinal;
And having then no farther use of her,
Satiated with her Lust,

I set *Roderigo* on to murder her:
Thy death had next succeeded; and thy Crown
I wou'd have laid at *Leonora's* Feet.

Alon. How! durst you love the Princess!

Abd. Fool, durst! had I been born a Slave,
I durst with this same Soul do any thing:
Yes! and the last sense that will remain about me,
Will be my Passion for the charming Maid,
Whom I'd enjoy e'er now, but for thy Treachery.

[To *Osmin*.

Phil. Destrour'd my Sister! Heaven punish me eternally
If thou out-liv'st the minute thou'st declar'd it.

Abd. I will, in spite of all that thou canst do:
—— Stand off, Fool-hardy Youth, if thou'dst be safe,
And do not draw thy certain ruine on,
Or think that e'er this Hand was arm'd in vain.

Phil. Poor angry Slave, how I condemn thee now.

Abd.

Abd. As humble Huntsmen do the generous Lion;
Now thou dar'st see me lash my Sides, and roar,
And bite my Snare in vain; who with one look,
(Had I been free) hadst shrunk into the Earth
For shelter from my Rage:

And like that noble Beast, though thus betray'd,
I've yet an awful fierceness in my Looks,
Which makes thee fear t' approach; and 'tis at distance
That thou dar'st kill me; for come but in my reach,
And with one grasp, I wou'd confound thy hopes.

Phil. I'll let thee see how vain thy Boastings are,
And unassisted by one single Rage,
Thus—— make an easie passage to thy Heart.

[Runs on him, all the rest do the like in the same minute: Abd. aims at the Prince, and kills Osmin, and falls dead himself.]

—— Die with thy Sins unpardon'd, and forgotten.—— *[Shouts within.]*

Alon. Great Sir, your Throne and Kingdom want you now;
Your People rude with Joy do fill each Street,
And long to see their King,—— whom Heaven preserve.

[Kneels.]

All. Long live Philip King of Spain: ——

Phil. I thank ye all; —— and now my dear Alonzo,
Receive the recompence of all thy sufferings,
Whilst I create thee Duke of *Salamanca*.

Alon. Thus low I take the Bounty from your Hands.

[Kneels.]

Leon. Rise, Sir, my Brother now has made us equal.

Card. And shall this joyful Day, that has restor'd you
To all the Glories of your Birth and Merits,
That has restor'd all *Spain* the greatest Treasure
That ever happy Monarchy possess'd,
Leave only me unhappy? when, Sir, my Crime
Was only too much Faith: —— thus low I fall,
And from that store of Mercy Heaven has given you,
Implore you wou'd dispense a little here.

Phil. Rise, (though with much a-do) I will forgive you.

Leon. Come, my dear Brother, to that glorious business
Our Birth and Fortunes call us, let us haste,
For here methinks we are in danger still.

Phil. So after Storms, the joyful Mariner
Beholds the distant wish'd-for shoar afar,
And longs to bring the rich-fraight Vessel in,
Fearing to trust the faithless Seas again.

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The End of the Play.

